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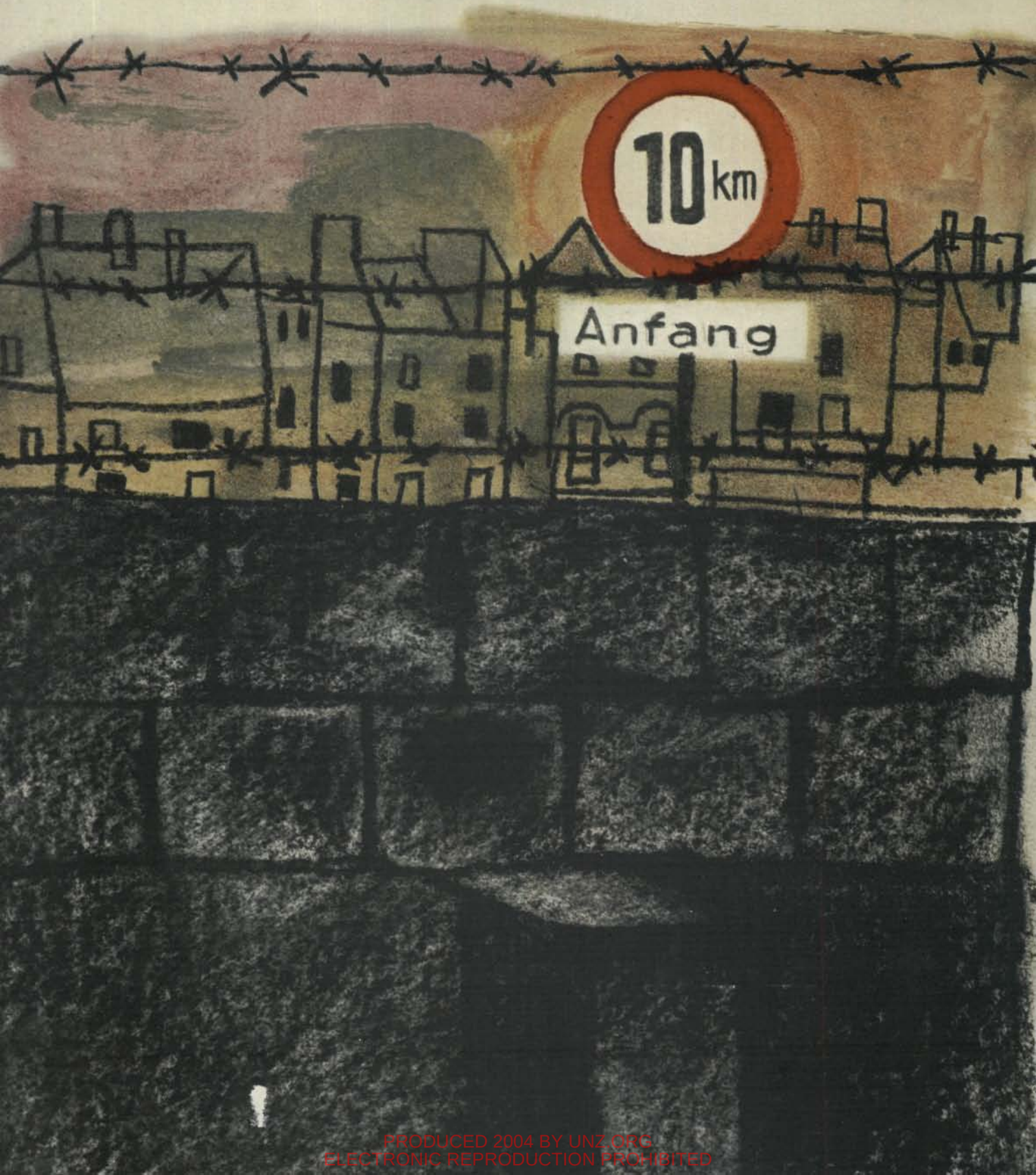

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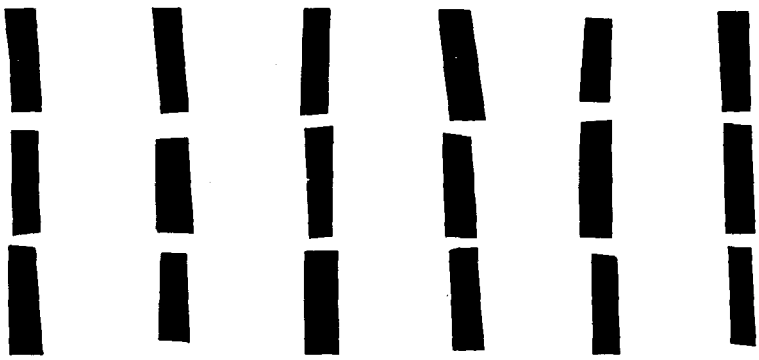

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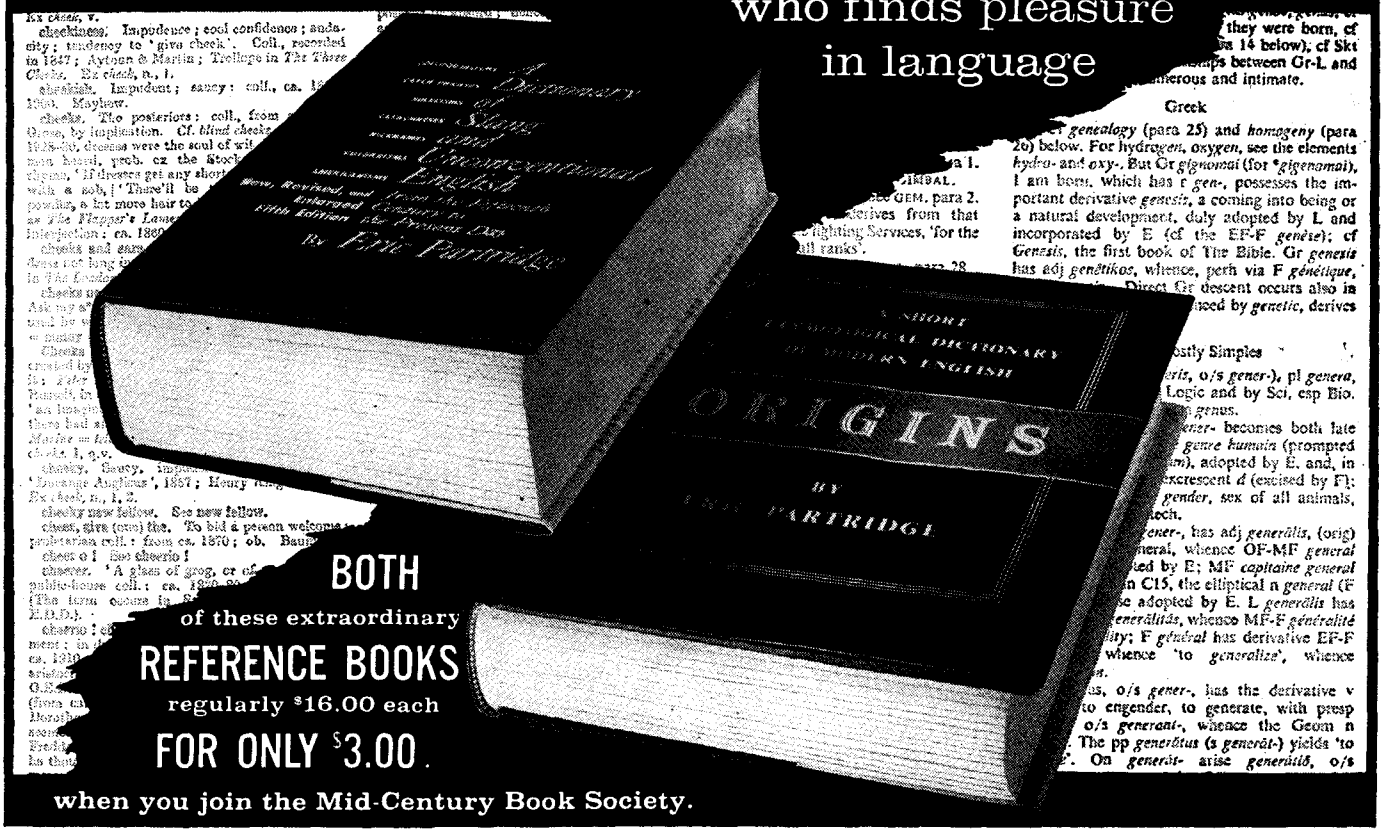

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE HAD BEEN told how much a six-dollar increase in the cost of a ton of steel would affect the price of toasters, the national defense budget, and U.S. competition with foreign manufacturers. In his editorial in this issue, **Max Ascoli** analyzes the far-reaching consequences of the raid that some big steelmen have tried on the national economy, consequences that remain with us even after the raid has been frustrated.

The Berlin crisis, which was inherent in the occupation agreements reached at the end of the Second World War, has been with us in more or less acute form ever since 1948, when the Russians made their first overt attempts to force the western powers out of the isolated city. The importance of that small patch of real estate has increased from year to year until it can truly be said that in Berlin lies the fate of Germany—and beyond that of Europe and much, much more. Since the Communists built their wall last August, it has also become painfully apparent that while the western commitment to defend Berlin is expressed in general terms, the Communist threats to Berlin are set forth in particulars. Almost at the risk of being accused of monomania, this magazine has never tired of urging that the general commitment must be implemented by an unrelenting tenacity in meeting and countering each individual threat when and where it appears. That, as we understand it, was also the policy of General Lucius Clay, whom the President sent to Berlin last September as his personal representative. Now that General Clay is returning from his mission, the continuing Berlin crisis seems to have reached a climax that we feel we must call to the attention of our readers. **George Bailey,** who has written quite a few of the articles we have published on the gentle but steady erosion of Berlin's freedom, sums up what he has learned and what he believes in this issue.

SOON AFTER the Freedom Riders had blazed their trail through the Southern states, **Bettye Rice Hughes** decided to find out for herself how a lone Negro girl, traveling without publicity, would be treated. She suggests that it is the individual Negro who must now consolidate without fanfare the gains that have been made by group action. Miss Hughes is at present working with the Committee for Representative Government in Los Angeles. . . . **Bruce Bliven,** former editor of the *New Republic*, discusses the plight of Los Angeles metropolitan newspapers, whose problem is to cater to a city that is rapidly disappearing up its own freeways. . . . Thailand, a country of twenty-six million people, has some three million Chinese residents, the leaders of whom control most of the country's economy. **Philip Wright,** a free-lance journalist, writes from Bangkok on the dangers this situation may hold for pro-western Thailand. . . . **Al Newman,** former managing editor of *The Reporter*, decided to make a thorough analysis of Radio Moscow's outpourings to North America with a view to making sense of them. He reports in this issue on his failure. . . . **Michael J. O'Neill,** who is with the Washington bureau of the New York *Daily News*, shows that the American Medical Association is finding it somewhat difficult to keep other medical groups in its anti-Social Security coalition.

Fred Grunfeld, an American free-lance writer now living in Europe, reports from Berlin on the heated debate going on among German writers on both sides of Ulbricht's wall. . . . **Thomas Kinsella** is a young Irish poet whose *Poems and Translations* was published in this country by Atheneum last year. Other collections of Mr. Kinsella's poetry have been published by the Dolmen Press of Dublin. . . . **Marya Mannes** reviews some of Broadway's latest offerings. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity*, has been traveling in Europe and sampling opera in Rome, Paris, and London. . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** is a New York attorney.

Our cover for this issue, an impression of the Berlin wall, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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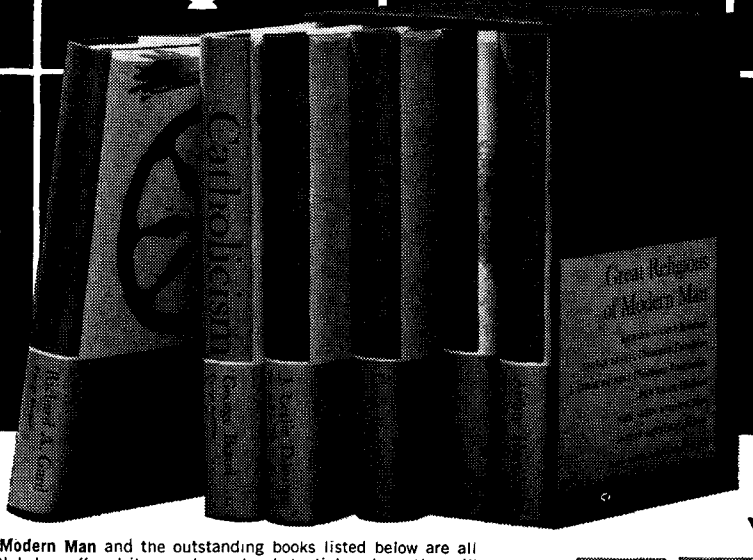

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UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor: I read with great interest Bernard D. Nossiter's "The Paradoxes of Unemployment" (*The Reporter*, March 29), but noted that there is no reference to international trade or development activities in the free world as this could affect the unemployment problem in the United States. I believe that the potential in trade expansion and in U.S. production for private investment in the less developed areas could have a significant impact on the employment situation here.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Nossiter should ignore the growing relationship between the domestic and international economies. I believe that it is important to bring before the public the fact that our free-world economic leadership cannot be diverted from our domestic base.

JACOB K. JAVITS
United States Senate

SCHOOL DROPOUTS

To the Editor: Naomi Barko's excellent article on the plight of our current generation of out-of-school, out-of-work youth ("Dropouts to Nowhere," *The Reporter*, March 29) points to the need for imaginative action.

We in Michigan are attempting to tackle both phases of this problem. For those still in school, the Detroit public schools have recently initiated a "World of Work" education program aimed at keeping youngsters in school through the twelfth grade and at graduating them with marketable skills. For the mounting numbers of out-of-school, out-of-work youth, I have proposed a program calling for (1) the establishment of Youth Conservation Camps to provide job training, vocational counseling, and job placement in a variety of fields; (2) state-wide job upgrading programs with a combination in-school training and subsidized work experience; and (3) a program for placing youth in subsidized work training programs in local units of government.

I would urge the duplication of this program in other states throughout the nation.

JOHN B. SWAINSON, Governor
State of Michigan

SOVIET WRITERS

To the Editor: Peter Viereck's important article on "The Split Personality of Soviet Literature" (*The Reporter*, March 15) is concrete evidence of the perpetual interaction between everyday human living and the ideologies which we currently assume to be unchangeable blocks of dogma. The Marxian jargon cannot admit, but also cannot forever conceal, the continual debate on the level of human experience.

Whatever we find necessary to do on the level of defense, this article admonishes us that there must be no cessation of the efforts to converse, to exchange ideas, to find a community of enjoyment of the arts, as in the memorable Van Cliburn episode, with the knowledge that the community of appreciation is first cousin to that "community of memory and of hope" in which Josiah Royce recognized the deepest bond of an all-human community. With this background of common feeling, there is a working basis for an *effort toward a common philosophy*—not abolishing differences, but defining them and putting them in their due perspective.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING
Madison, New Hampshire

To the Editor: I would like to call your attention to an error in the April 12 Correspondence columns in which Eugene Lyons says he recently wrote an article for *Mainstream* on the Soviet poet Yevtushenko. The mistake is compounded because we recently had a short unsigned piece on Yevtushenko and readers have already called us to ask if Mr. Lyons is the author. Mr. Lyons is not the author. His piece, which did not appear in our magazine, and the one we published last November make entirely opposite interpretations as to the significance of Yevtushenko. We are embarrassed enough by the fact that Mr. Lyons was once associated with our magazine in the 1920's. Let those who want him have him.

ROBERT FORREY
Managing Editor, *Mainstream*
New York

[*Mr. Lyons informs us that the article which his letter mistakenly placed in* Mainstream, *actually appeared in a publication called* Midstream.]

BERLIN

To the Editor: May I add a few comments to David Binder's excellent article "Are We Really Standing Firm in Berlin?" (*The Reporter*, March 15).

As the commander of a rifle company just recently returned from an extended stay in Berlin, my feelings regarding our position in Berlin are essentially the same as Mr. Binder's. However, my thinking on Berlin is colored by a strong visceral reaction to the situation.

Never have I been more proud of being a free man, never have I been more confident of the ultimate triumph of free men, never have I been more aware of my responsibilities as an American soldier and citizen, than when I first toured the Wall of Shame after my arrival in Berlin. Yet I left with a heart in dismay and confusion.

The United States has proclaimed in most positive terms its intentions of maintaining its rights in Berlin. We are also determined to maintain the economic viability of the city and its ties with West Germany. This is necessary and good. But it is not enough, not enough by far.

Berlin has no economic or military significance to the West. Berlin has only free people, and the unequivocal commitment of other free people to defend them and their way of life. For

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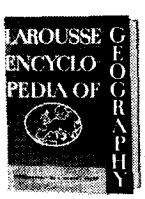

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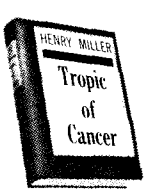

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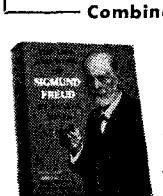

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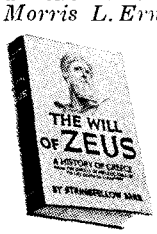

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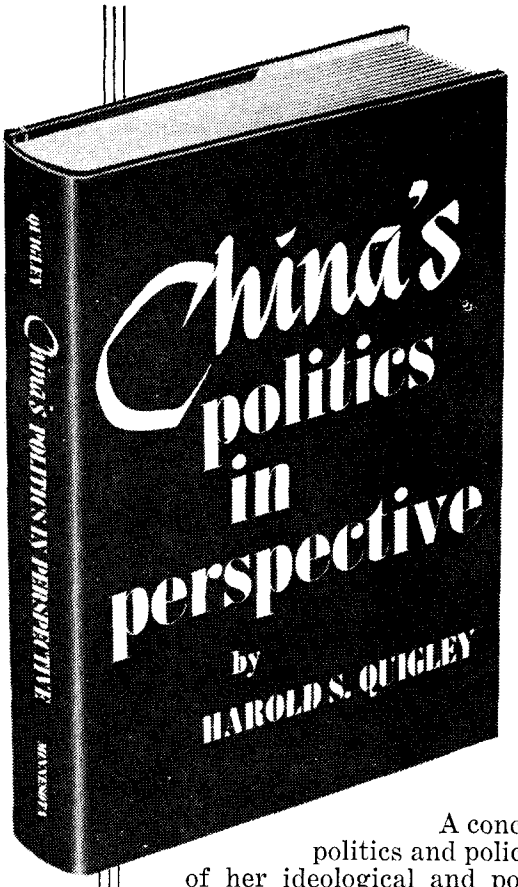

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this reason Berlin is the most important city in the world. Here the spirit of freedom and totalitarianism stand in stark opposition. And here the spirit of freedom, as a consequence, must shine brighter and more confidently than anywhere else in the world. Sadly, it does not.

The Berliner, his prosperity, the glitter and *Gemütlichkeit* of his city notwithstanding, is not confident. He is troubled. He is uncertain. He yearns for surety.

The kidnappings, the shootings, the harassments, the calculated indignities (the Soviet commandant, once a ranking general, is now a colonel and must be dealt with as an equal by the allied commandants, who are all generals), the blatant arrogance of the East Germans continue and increase. This is a contest of nerve and will, and since August 13 the West has been faltering.

The timorousness of the allied responses to these gnawings cannot be concealed by "strong protests." Our day-to-day actions in the city belie these protests.

To cite only one example, the United States has been adamant in its right of free access to East Berlin. However, in order to avoid incidents, the United States exercises these rights in the most artificial fashion. For all practical purposes, visits to East Berlin by U.S. personnel have been restricted to group tours by bus and official staff visits. American tourists to Berlin have considerably more freedom of movement in East Berlin than do American personnel stationed in Berlin.

How must this affect the psychological viability of West Berlin?

Freedom flourishes where there is confidence and security, not in an atmosphere of hesitance and timidity.

Of what value are these rights we are pledged to maintain, if the spirit of freedom in Berlin becomes tired and senile?

It would be unfair to imply that the magnificent people of Berlin are losing their determination to maintain their city as a shrine of freedom. They are, however, losing their confidence in our determination to keep Berlin not only free but a city where free men can live in confidence.

The tortuous chain of decision and response from Berlin to Washington and back must inevitably shred the human element from any situation. But Berlin is a problem of the heart as much as of the mind. Several months ago Mayor Willy Brandt commented that those concerned with negotiations over Berlin should come to Berlin for a personal visit before commencing any negotiations. I am sure that he had this matter of the heart in mind when he made the suggestion.

I pray for Berlin and its people. As the pulse of freedom beats in Berlin so it beats in the rest of the world.

JOHN B. KEELEY
Captain, Infantry
APO

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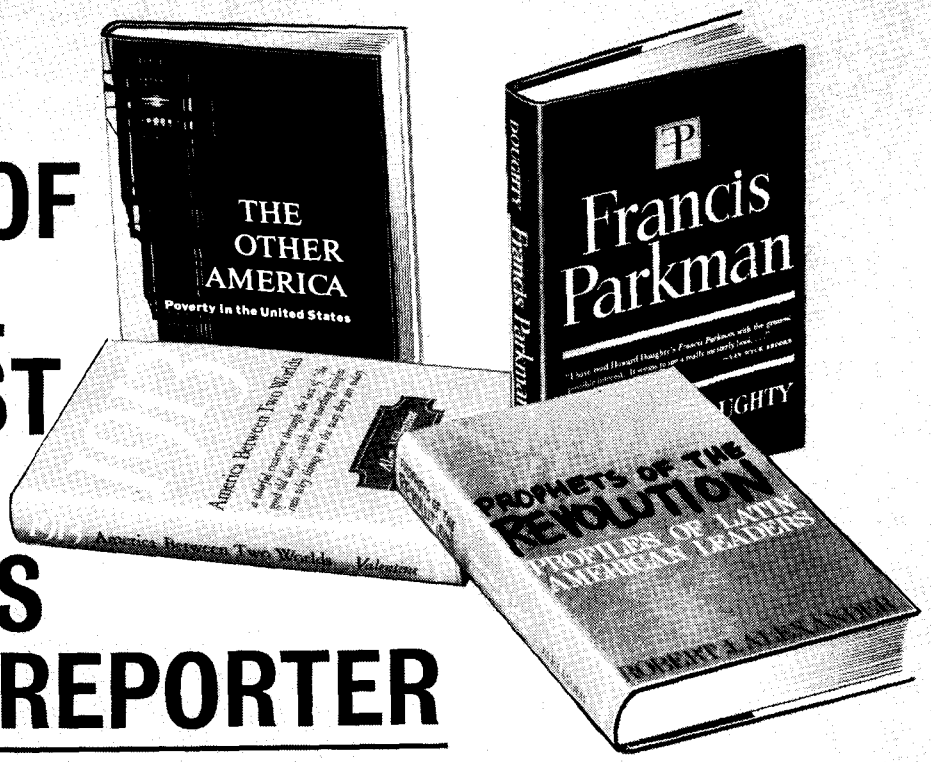

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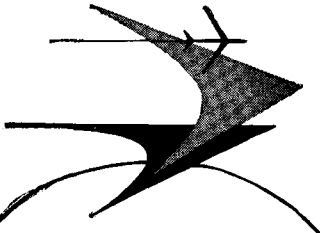

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Straight in the Eye

AT THE END of this month, April 1962, the horrible thing is going to happen again. There seems to be no chance for a reprieve or for an annulment of the decision that our government has taken in the earnest hope that just such a chance will be provided by the Russians. Over and over again, for nearly four years, the American and British representatives at the atomic test ban negotiations at Geneva have made concessions to their Russian counterparts. The number of inspections deemed adequate to safeguard the outlawing of atomic tests has been progressively reduced; the ranks of the prospective inspectors have been enlarged by suggesting the inclusion of neutral representatives. Lately, the word "inspection" has been quietly dropped and replaced by "verification."

But not even this has been enough to make the Russians budge. In their joint statement of April 10, the U.S. and British governments say: "We continue to hope that the Soviet Government may reconsider the position and express their readiness to accept the principle of international verification. . . . There is still time to reach agreement."

THE MOST revealing summary of the situation was offered by Lord Home in the House of Lords on March 28: "Until September last the Russian Government had approved the principle of inspection. Indeed, they had gone further: they had conducted negotiations for eighteen months on the actual practice of inspection within the Soviet Union. The Conference on the Nuclear Test Ban did not founder on the principle of inspection—not at all. It broke down on the number of control posts, where the difference was between twenty proposed by the West and fifteen asked for by the Russians, and upon the number of persons who should actually be in those control posts, whether in each case it should be thirty, or whether it should be ten . . .

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"So far as detection is concerned, we will accept any system which our scientific advisers assure us is adequate. At present the Russians challenge our scientists. They say that it is possible to be certain to detect all noises—and to identify them as between earthquakes and explosions. I said to Mr. Gromyko in Geneva: 'If that is so, will you please allow your scientists to come and talk to ours, and will you please allow them to bring their instruments with them?' . . . I made that proposal, and there was no response. I repeated it, and it was refused. If Mr. Gromyko had been able to accept it, I think it would have been something which would have made a very real advance, and might have enabled us to employ the national detection system: but without their co-operation, it is very, very difficult.

But there is a simpler point still. With the best instrumentation in the world, I am afraid there will be disputes about facts. There will be explosions about which there will be doubts. . . .

"What happens if there is a noise in Russia which we or the United States think is a test and the Russians say that it is not or vice versa? Who is to decide? If there is no impartial body to judge, then the side which is in doubt will have no option but to resume testing. . . .

"This dispute about facts is not, I am afraid, academic. When I arrived in Berlin, the Russians were dropping metal chaff in the corridors. It was dropped by six Russian bombers from 10,000 feet and the corridors were full of metal chaff for four to six hours.

"I told Mr. Gromyko of this. He looked me straight in the eye and said that this did not happen at all. This did happen. I could produce many, many witnesses to prove that it happened. This is a very serious conflict of opinion on fact. In the absence of a verification system in the context of nuclear tests, what is to prevent the Russian Government from looking us straight in the eye and saying exactly the same thing?

"In an attempt to discover from the Russians what would be the absolute minimum of verification, I asked Mr. Gromyko some questions. Would he accept a team of neutrals

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plus others to verify unexplained events? The answer was 'No'.

"I then asked him: would he have a team consisting of nothing but neutrals although they must be qualified as inspectors of this kind of event? And the answer was a still more emphatic 'No'.

"Indeed, Mr. Gromyko summed up this part of our conversation by saying that he would accept no control, no verification, and no espionage."

WE ARE GRATEFUL to the New York *Herald Tribune* for having, alone among the New York papers, considered Lord Home's statement fit to print. It shows what happens when a diplomat whose ability equals his responsibility tries to negotiate with the Russians on a tragic and imminent issue like the test ban. He can concede, and concede, and concede. He can dilute the concept of inspection (once it was always to be foolproof), which presupposes some kind of permanent organization, to the much looser one of verification, which as far as one can understand is an occasional thing. He can go so far as to admit neutrals among the verifiers, indeed to assume for a moment that only neutrals be assigned to the job. (Lord Home said "qualified"—but who determines the "qualifications"?)

All this with one overriding aim: that the opponent gives us a chance not to test, provided there are some guarantees of some sort that he will not test either. Gromyko looks you straight in the eye, says no to the facts, no to inspection, no to verification, and agrees on nothing.

Birthday Reflections

A few days before the first anniversary of the Alliance for Progress, Chile let it be known that by submitting a ten-year development plan it had put its token into the aid-vending machine and that any delay in receiving the stuff would bring the machine into disrepute.

An allocation "in principle" of three hundred and fifty million dollars in aid was promptly announced. This in turn was followed by the release of detailed statistics on the program's accomplishments in the first year. Yet, while Chile is certainly not the least progressive member of the Alliance, in terms of accomplishments, the country's report card shows "planned" under land reform, a "being drafted" under tax reform, and a "submitted" under development plans. Not a brilliant average.

A basic ingredient of the Alliance is: you reform, we pay. But reform is slow and the need for funds is usually *now*. So we promise aid in principle, making future disbursement contingent on future demonstration of merit.

But this process cannot last indefinitely. Clearly, if our growing association with development of countries south of the border is to be effective, there must be leaders in power who believe in reform legislation not because it opens the doors of the U.S. Treasury but because it may lead to independence from foreign assistance of any kind.

Operation Spring Thaw

A bunch of the G.O.P.s were kicking it around and got to beefing about how everything you read nowadays is Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy. Man, it was like a blizzard the way that two-button leader type in the Maison Blanche was piling on the P.R. Why not thaw things with some fast talk that would ink some newsprint and rev up Republicanism, propaganda-wise?

This was the genesis of the late, late show on April 11 when approximately fifty congressmen, mostly members of the far-out Right, held a speakathon in the House. Minority Leader Halleck was reportedly not at all happy about what Representative Craig Hosmer called this "grassroots effort on the part of patriotic Americans." But they had urgent things to say. Congressman James Utt, in fact, described what he called the New Frontier's "blueprint for the full surrender of this great Republic." (It had to do with Ralph Bunche's working for the United Nations.) Representative Edgar Hiestand pointed out that "the United States faces the threat of takeover by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—UNESCO—of its entire school system for purposes of socialization." Other congressmen had other blueprints

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for catastrophe: Representative Bruce Alger (Kennedy's trade plan), Representative John Ashbrook (Kennedy's aid-to-education bill), Representative John Pillion (Kennedy's fiscal policy), and Representative Charles Gubser (Kennedy's defense program). All in all, they gave everything they had to cut down Kennedy.

When they broke up after midnight, one of the sponsors voiced satisfaction to a reporter that the performance had enabled the public to "hear both sides of the intermixed fact and fancy proceeding from the administration's gray-flannel-suited army of image makers." Next morning came cruel disappointment. Operation Spring Thaw was buried deep inside most newspapers. A man named Blough had put Kennedy back in the headlines.

The Culture Race

We are beginning to detect a certain note of self-congratulation, not to say snobbery, in the administration's well-known regard for the finer things in life. "In the Executive Mansion, where Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians once played," Presidential Assistant Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said the other day, "we now find Isaac Stern, Pablo Casals, Stravinsky, and the Oxford Players." He went on to warn against the danger of television's reducing the life of those who watched it to "shared clichés."

We've always been a little suspicious of people who can't seem to indulge their own good taste without knocking that of others, and Art, as it is loosely called, seems to us to have no place in politics. Not so for Mr. Schlesinger, apparently, who has even gone so far as to discover cold-war significance in the administration's new style. "I hope we will not leave it to the Soviet Union to discover the Van Cliburns of the future," he stated, darkly implying that not only were we in a Culture Race along with all those other races but that once again we were in the process of losing.

If indeed there is such a competition, we wonder if we're behind after all. For our part we hope that the Soviet Union will not leave it to the West to discover the Doctor Zhivagos of the future.

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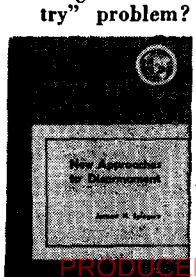

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The Steelmen's Gamble

DID THEY KNOW what they were doing? Did they realize that by their conspiratorial manner in raising the price of steel they had multiplied and telescoped the harm that their decision would inflict on the nation's economy and on the steel industry itself? Their sudden change of mind gives definite evidence that the only possible answer to these questions is an unqualified *no*.

It was a startling thing to watch Mr. Blough during his press conference on TV. Every one of his ideas had daguerreotype features and seemed incongruous when transmitted via the cathode tube. True, these ideas, to call them such, were blessedly few: higher prices make for profit, profits make for improved machinery, and the whole thing inevitably leads to economic growth. It is not good to borrow too much money, and a good businessman must never lose sight of his investors, which means, of course, widows and orphans. The man may have been prompted by public-relations aides, but to us he sounded genuine. Over and over again he proclaimed his total ignorance of politics, and his voice had the ring of truth.

One citizen named John F. Kennedy had been privileged to receive the news of the rise just one step ahead of the public. The interview, as the President so trenchantly stated, was not exactly what could be called cordial. U.S. Steel and the other companies that followed its lead had taken an initiative that, in the truest sense of the term, was an act of government. This decision affected the country as a whole and the policies, both domestic and international, that the President is determined to pursue.

The decision in itself was a most reckless gamble that a private group took with the welfare of the nation. But there is not much sense in speculating on the remote consequences of the action that the steelmen have now rescinded, for the still real issue is one of a very present and very definitive nature: what has been tried cannot possibly be allowed to be tried again. A political action of that magnitude can never again be taken without, to say the very least, thorough consultation with the national government.

The government had in the past actively participated in the settlement of labor-management disputes in the steel industry. This participation became increasingly decisive though still informal. Somehow, in listing the most recent increase in labor costs, U.S. Steel had forgotten to mention the one resulting from the 1960 settlement, that was largely due to the overpowering intervention of Vice-President Nixon and Secretary Mitchell. When, after a night-long session, an agreement was reached, Secretary Mitchell said: "It is my belief the steel companies will not need to increase prices immediately." In fact, the steel companies could have quietly increased prices sometime later, after the 1960 election, between Mr. Nixon's defeat and the inauguration of President Kennedy. But Mr. Blough, as he himself said over and over again, does not know a thing about politics.

In 1960, the increase in labor costs was staggered over the months to come—a sort of installment plan. That time, management tried to reestablish its own prerogatives by breaking, or at least greatly weakening, the power of the union. As wise and authoritative an observer as A.H. Raskin of the New York *Times* commented: "The prospect that higher prices will again follow higher wages is the most dismal aftermath and the one most likely to invite Congressional scrutiny." But not much happened, and prices were not increased.

In 1962, the co-operation of management, labor, and government was supremely cozy and effective. The modest increase in labor costs was, once more, on the installment plan, and the settlement was reached well before the expiration of the old contract. The formula seemed to be: settle before, pay later. In 1962, however, as we learned later, U.S. Steel had its own great design: it wanted to cut down to size not just David McDonald but the President of the United States.

The President, the U.S. government, the responsible steel producers, could not take such a thing lying down. True, the industry, for all its still prosperous earnings, is in some difficulties. It is doubtful whether it still is, or will long remain, the standard setter of the economy. From the late 1940's (1947-1949) to 1961, total industrial production rose 65%. Steel, in the same period, rose 5%. From 1950 to 1960, total industrial employment rose 18%. Steel in the same period fell 7%. This should mean that the industry is more than ever in bad need of government assistance and counsel.

THE ERA of informal co-operation among government, labor, and management is over, at least as far as the semi-monopolistic industries are concerned. The era when effective institutional arrangements have to be devised, designed to set the responsibilities of each one of the three, is coming, thanks to Mr. Blough. Considering the still very great importance of steel, it is imperative that new men acquire positions of authority in U.S. Steel who are endowed with a thorough knowledge of production, of public relations, and of politics.

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The Gentle Erosion of Berlin

The question is not whether we will resist Soviet encroachment, but when and where

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

IN MID-MARCH, correspondents here learned that they had been working under a partial news blackout for almost a month. The discovery was made when a news release from Washington revealed that Soviet harassment of the allied air corridors was much more serious and extensive than allied spokesmen in Berlin had admitted. The withholding of information was not confined to the air corridors. The fact that an American vehicle from the military mission in Potsdam had been shot up by East German police was not made known to western reporters until two days after the event.

It soon became clear that the bad news was being reserved—whenever it could be—for release from Washington. The same reservation seems to apply to good news. More recently Washington columnists, notably Joseph Alsop, have broken the success story of the "new American style," citing as Exhibit A the effectiveness of "quiet . . . inconspicuous countermeasures" in the air corridors. "No more was done," wrote Alsop, "than the minimum that the challenge demanded."

The bad news from Washington on Berlin is easy to understand. The good news is mysterious. "If things are going so well," quipped one American official in Berlin, "why don't I feel better?"

The Berlin blackout has not concealed the unprecedented extent and intensity of ill feeling among the allies in Berlin today. A perceptible malaise pervades the three sector commands and missions. American spokesmen admit the blackout but maintain that it was imposed by the British. The deputy (acting) chief of the British mission has been telling journalists that he does not in the least agree with General Clay's policies. The statement is revelatory: most of the squabbling among the allies in Berlin, for and against, centers on the actions of Lucius Clay.

WHEN CLAY ARRIVED in Berlin last September, he began by making a helicopter flight over a half mile of East German territory to the West Berlin exclave of Steinstücken and visiting with the virtually marooned inhabitants. The East German régime reacted violently to this "infringement of sovereignty," publicly threatening to shoot down the helicopter if the flight were repeated. The flight was repeated. The helicopter was even used to ferry out East German refugees who, frustrated by the wall surrounding West Berlin proper, had sought sanctuary in the exclave. The flights to Steinstücken were continued in the face of the direst Communist threats and have become routine. The threats of violence have long since ceased and there have been no incidents.

Even so, the British objected strenuously to the Steinstücken action. They affirmed their support of the United States in all major issues but questioned the wisdom of risking an incident over such a trifling matter. Clay contended that it was precisely the small issues that constituted the weakest points in the Soviet position. He argued that the Soviets would not allow a minor issue to become an international incident through mishandling by their East German puppets.

Most of Clay's actions in Berlin were designed to demonstrate Soviet responsibility as set down in the Four Power Statute for Berlin. When he reintroduced military police patrols on the Autobahn, the Soviets soon stopped them—asserting that the maintenance and security of the Autobahn was a Soviet responsibility. Having gained his point, Clay went on to circumvent the ban on patrols by directing that American military convoys between Berlin and West Germany be broken up into patrol-sized columns passing back and forth with the frequency of patrols. In effect, he replaced convoy patrols with patrolling convoys. This put the Soviets in an awkward position. The military convoys are an essential part of the allies' right of access to Berlin: the patrols, strictly speaking, were not. Once

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again, a minor issue was deftly converted into a major issue and so a point was proved.

The same reasoning was operative in the Friedrichstrasse incident. Clay seized upon and forcefully defied an East German decree that all civilians, not excepting allied officials, would be required to show identification to East German officers at the crossing point. After four days of concentrated humiliation produced by American military police forays into East Berlin backed by tanks poised on the sector line, the East German military seemed on the point of panic. In a television broadcast the East German deputy defense minister announced that the "People's Army" was ready to crush the American provocateurs in Berlin. Instead, the Soviets were constrained to put in an appearance with their own tanks. The confrontation of Soviet and American forces drove a wedge between the Soviets and their East German "allies," revealing the latter as mere Soviet proxies. The wedge demolished an essential element of Soviet strategy in Berlin, namely the assertion that East Germany is a legitimate, sovereign state acting in its own interests. Moreover, the sudden American pressure in the Friedrichstrasse powerfully brought home the point that the East German Communists could not be trusted with the issue of war and peace in Berlin.

To the Soviets the reminder was painful. It pointed to the main reason why, after three and a half years of threats, announcements, and promises, the Soviets have still not signed a separate peace treaty with East Germany. A separate peace treaty would create an extraordinarily tense situation between the western allies and the East German regime. In the Friedrichstrasse, Clay demonstrated that the Soviets cannot trust the East German Communists to carry out what would be at best an extremely difficult mission. Before transferring a package of highly explosive issues—such as the control and administration of access routes—to the East Germans, the Soviets need some form of agreement stipulated, preferably in the peace treaty itself.

Clay's triumph in demonstrating Soviet responsibility at the Friedrichstrasse brought a storm of protest and condemnation from all sides of the alliance. Washington ordered the tanks withdrawn one day later, thus spoiling the second and almost equally important purpose of the exercise—the demonstration of America's determination to fight, if necessary, to maintain western rights in Berlin. The day after the American tanks were withdrawn, the deputy chief of the British mission visited the Soviet commandant and assured him that Clay would be recalled. Americans as well as allied authorities charged that Clay had gone to the brink of war over the minor issue of identity controls. In reality Clay had gone just far enough to demonstrate the essential point of Soviet responsibility for East Berlin and an all-important corollary—that a major war cannot be started in Europe by accident. There is little doubt that it was Clay's expert counterpunching that caused the Soviets to throw away their highly publicized timetable ("a peace treaty before the end of the year") and abandon their plan to use the East German Communist régime as a stalking horse in the Berlin crisis.

And yet Clay's very successes have also demonstrated that the sweeping American commitment to defend Berlin may ring hollow if it is not implemented from day to day with the greatest determination. The question in Berlin is not *whether* the United States will resist Soviet encroachment by force, but *when* and *where*. Moreover, a boxer cannot co-ordinate his counterpunches with his manager, his seconds, the referee, the promoter, and occasionaly with his opponent unless he means to take a dive.

Tangled Wires

From the first, the Soviets have attempted to use the formal entrapment of the allies in Berlin as a lever to force acceptance of their policies for Germany as a whole. When the allies anounced their decision to carry out a currency reform in their zones of Germany in 1948, the Soviet Union charged that they were "prejudicing their right to remain in Berlin," contending even then that Berlin was part of the Soviet Zone. The Soviets have always had an obvious tactical advantage in Berlin which they have tried to turn to a political purpose. The allies have had a political advantage—including their popularity and the legality of their position in Berlin—which, in their confrontation with the Soviets, they have attempted to convert to tactical use.

If Berlin were primarily a military situation, the loss of the city by the allies would be a foregone conclusion. (When the Soviets imposed their blockade in 1948, the British commandant could see no alternative but to withdraw from Berlin.) But Berlin is primarily a political situation, and political considerations determine tactical moves. By the same token, tactical moves have enormous political implications. For this reason the commandant in each of the western sectors, a major general usually with little more than a division commander's experience, has been seconded by a deputy chief of a diplomatic mission; the titular chief of each sector's diplomatic mission is that particular nation's ambassador in Bonn. Formally, therefore, a high diplomat of subambassadorial rank is buried in the machinery of an army command post.

Actually, the deputy chief of each sector mission pretty much runs the show, primarily because he is a trained diplomat in a predominantly political situation but also because his line of communication and command is much more direct than that of his military counterpart. The American deputy chief has a direct line to the State Department, while the commandant's line runs to Army headquarters in Heidelberg, thence to Headquarters U.S. Forces Europe in Paris, and thence, finally, to the Pentagon.

Despite the fact that Clay was not given a formal command function, it was inevitable and surely intended that local authorities, allied and German, should turn to Clay for advice. One result of this situation was that Clay advised the President at the top of the command channel as well as the American commandant and the deputy chief of mission at the Berlin end. In part, therefore, his appointment had the effect of short-circuiting the American

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command structure as it affected Berlin and—insofar as America leads the alliance—the allied command structure as well. Friction was thus inevitable. But the friction produced enough light to reveal the structural defects of the inverted pyramid that forms the Berlin command, and a good deal more.

ARTICLE 6 of the NATO Charter commits that organization's armed forces to assist in repelling an attack on the occupation forces of any member nation. This is the letter of the NATO commitment to Berlin, and through it the Berlin command ramifies into the executive councils of fifteen nations. The NATO high command is a collegium, and a command decision of the fifteen-nation alliance must be unanimous. Collegial reaction is almost by definition too little and too late. Instead of strengthening the allied position in Berlin by bringing to bear the combined power of the alliance, the involvement of NATO in many ways actually weakens the western position by hamstringing it with the necessity of coming to a combined command decision. The allied position is not fortified by the weight of additional numbers but dissipated by the variety of interests the additional numbers represent. A local command trumpets alarm to NATO headquarters, only to hear—after a long silence—the voice of Denmark pleading caution.

This situation is further complicated by the fact that the Supreme Allied Commander Europe (NATO) and the commander-in-chief of United States Forces in Europe are one and the same man, General Lauris Norstad. If Norstad in his capacity as American commander in Europe makes a strong proposal to the NATO high command, he must then turn to preside over the discussion of his own proposal and various allied counterproposals in his capacity as Supreme Commander of NATO. The two functions, exercised by the same man, frequently compromise each other.

To Counterpunch or Duck?

An all-out armed attack on Berlin obviously means war. But there is often great difficulty about the interpretation of lesser incursions. If the full significance of the wall could have been foreseen or fully appreciated the moment construction began, it is at least questionable whether the action would have gone entirely uncontested by the allies. But the difficulty of interpretation also lends itself as an excuse to weasel out of any specific fulfillment of the allied commitment to Berlin. When a Soviet fighter plane attempted to force down an American military transport in February, for example, allied spokesmen in Berlin protested to reporters that they could not be certain that a grounding was actually intended. To be

sure, the Soviet pilot had flown just six feet from the American plane's wing tip and had lowered his landing gear, the standard command signal to land. Still, inadvertence could not be ruled out. Because of the news blackout, it was not ruled out until nearly a month later, when it was revealed in Washington that the Soviet pilot had radioed his commander for permission to fire a burst from his machine guns, the aeronautic equivalent of a shot across the bow, because the American pilot did not respond to his signal to land. The fact that permission to fire was refused was then adduced to show that the allies were right not to take any counteraction.

Throughout his mission to Berlin, Clay always argued for prompt counteraction and for exploiting any opportunity that might present itself to show that the United States really meant business about Berlin. It was at his insistence that the American commandant banned the Soviet commandant from the American sector in retaliation for the East German régime's banning of the American commandant from East Berlin. Both France and Great Britain declined to follow suit; the British commandant even attempted, with the tacit blessing of the State Department, to mediate the dispute. (In early March the British commandant outdid himself by sending a letter of thanks to the Soviet commandant for the hospitalization and care of a British corporal who had been shot and seriously wounded by East German police. This was shortly after the soldier, while in a delirium following a major emergency operation, had been interrogated for hours on end by Soviet officers. The British general's action aroused resentment among the officers of his own command.)

IT TOOK NINETEEN hours on August 13 to inform all appropriate U.S. government agencies of the sealing off of East Berlin. Since then Clay has streamlined the American command structure so that the process can be accomplished in less than three hours. This does not, however, guarantee that a command decision will be any more quickly forthcoming. Even in terms of unilateral action a command structure, however streamlined, can be no better than the high command it supports. Despite all this bold talk about standing firm in Berlin, U.S. policy has been basically an ambivalent one. Nothing, not even the wall itself, daunted the Germans and encouraged the Soviets more than the allied announcement in direct response to the wall that "now negotiations are more necessary than ever." The ambivalence of U.S. policy has been reflected in a split within the State Department and the President's corps of advisers. The split runs as far as the Berlin command itself. As a result of the seesaw battle between the two camps, direct lines from Berlin to Washington became

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leashes. The three allied commandants, in concert with Mayor Willy Brandt, drafted a strong protest against the wall on the first day of its construction, but the State Department disavowed the document, replacing it by a much milder protest drafted in the allied capitals. When the three commandants took quick action at the end of August, sending troops to the sector boundary in answer to an East German demand that West Berliners give the wall a hundred-yard-wide berth, two of them were severely reprimanded by their own governments for failure to get top clearance first.

Dancing to a Russian Tune

Since the wall, the British and the Americans—but emphatically not the French—have untiringly attempted to negotiate while the Soviets have merely agreed to continue to talk. While talking, the Soviets have also continued to make use of their tactical advantage. As a result, the allied position in Berlin continues to be eroded. As erosion progresses, it becomes increasingly difficult to counter new encroachments and virtually impossible to reverse old ones, since the magnitude of the necessary action increases accordingly.

A few weeks ago, for example, the Soviet officer at the checkpoint on the Autobahn entering East Germany protested his inability to count the American soldiers in a convoy headed for Berlin. To "facilitate matters," he suggested that the soldiers dismount and line up in front of their vehicles. The American convoy commander agreed to call Army headquarters in Heidelberg for instructions. The officer in charge at headquarters on a sleepy Sunday afternoon acquiesced in the Soviet suggestion. While the Americans were standing in formation and being counted by the Soviet officer, a Soviet camera filmed the entire process. The film appeared the next day on East German television. But worst of all, a "precedent" was automatically established. The British quickly followed suit but attached two conditions: one, a British officer must give the order to dismount and, two, the line-ups must be called off if it is raining.

If the Soviet suggestion had been rejected, the officer would have been obliged to confirm his count as best he could and the result would have been a comparatively slight delay. Now, however, a refusal to dismount and be counted would involve a much longer delay and perhaps a flat refusal of admission into the corridor by the Soviets (and hence an incident) because it would be a reversal of "established" procedure. Thus the allies go on dancing to the Russian tune.

AGAIN AND AGAIN it has been demonstrated that while the allied commitment to Berlin is general, the Communist threats to Berlin are set forth in particulars. In fact, because the Berlin situation involves a power struggle, the definition of the commitment is not a fixed, detailed concept but a continuing process. It cannot be spelled out; it can only be acted out. Understanding this, the Soviets have taken it upon themselves, by means of constant probing and piecemeal encroachment, to make their own definition of the allied commitment to Berlin. To an ever-increasing extent they have been succeeding.

The construction of the wall itself was an act of definition. At one blow the whole of East Berlin was cut away and the Four Power Statute of the city reduced to a few vestiges. After the wall, the allies announced that they were responsible for their respective sectors of the city and access thereto—and nothing more. This was an accommodation of the commitment to fit the latest Soviet definition. When the Soviets transferred control over civilian traffic on the land routes to Berlin to the East Germans in September, 1955, the allies allowed the move to go uncontested. In 1958 when the Soviets threatened to extend East German control to include allied military traffic the Americans produced the "agent" theory, whereby East German controlling officials would be regarded as Soviet agents. It is in the light of this cumulative process that Berliners inevitably regard Soviet harassment of the allied air corridors.

The Crowded Corridors

In response to Soviet attempts in mid-February to reserve space in the allied air corridors for hours on end, the three allies immediately flew in military transport planes at the same times and altitudes prescribed by the Soviets. After a few additional attempts to reserve air space *en bloc* had met with similar allied responses, the Soviets switched to the accepted Berlin air safety center procedure of registering individual flights in advance. At one point Soviet registrations amounted to as many as thirty in one corridor per day. On two occasions metallic chaff was dumped from high altitudes into the air corridors to disrupt radar guidance systems. Later the Soviets registered flights to coincide in time and altitude with western commercial flights. But there have been no incidents and commercial flight schedules have remained unchanged. Another device was the registration and carrying out of night flights but at lower altitudes than those used by concurrent commercial flights.

If the harassment was intended to intimidate the Berliners, it has failed: the volume of air passenger traffic to and from Berlin for February increased 18.4 per cent over that of February of last year, despite the absence of refugees who once made up a large part of Berlin's outgoing air traffic. Partially as a result of the twenty per cent cut in air fares between Berlin and West Germany introduced in March, West Berlin air traffic continues to increase.

In all probability, however, the purpose of the air-corridor harassment was merely to accustom the allies to the fact of Soviet presence in a means of access hitherto reserved to the allies. In any case, this is what has been achieved. If the allies demonstrated their determination not to permit controls or interference with air access, they have also demonstrated by default their unwillingness to counter Soviet encroachment by extending their use of the air corridors; this could have been done either by flying over ten thousand feet (a right the allies have never renounced but which the Soviets have effectively annulled) or by introducing fighter cover. Clay himself recommended the latter measure. Probably the main reason for the allied news blackout was to conceal the actual extent of Soviet en-

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croachment in the air corridors—on the theory that a challenge not made public need not be met.

Having made their point, the Soviets then refrained from harassing the air corridors—at least insofar as registered flights are concerned. Rumors from Bonn had it that the lull was the result of a "deal" between the Soviets and the Americans. A Berlin command spokesman was more cautious: the development was still too young to allow any interpretation, he said after the Soviets had failed to register any flights for six consecutive days; however, if Soviet absence in the air corridors continued for a few more days, then it could be regarded as representing a "trend."

But the only absolute in the Berlin situation is the premium on initiative. As a Berlin journalist commented, "If the Soviets can establish a 'trend' by desisting from harassment for ten days, what can prevent them from reversing the trend by recommencing harassment on the eleventh?"

Meanwhile, another trend has been established. Unregistered Soviet jet-fighter flights in the corridors, always heavier in the maneuver months of March and April, have recently increased to an unprecedented degree. For the first time in the experience of commercial pilots now flying the corridors, the Berlin air-traffic control center radio has taken to issuing blanket warnings. On April 11, all pilots were informed "We have very heavy unidentified jet activity in the south corridor." The heaviest allied air traffic is in the south corridor running between Frankfurt and Berlin. Hitherto, Soviet fighter activity in the corridors, even during maneuvers, was sparse enough to permit radio warnings on individual aircraft.

BERLINERS, including the "adopted Berliners" in the local allied commands, are notoriously apprehensive of negotiations. An editorial in the leading Berlin newspaper, *Tagesspiegel,* questioned whether the American plan for the internationalization of the access routes originally presented by U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson in Moscow was not responsible for Soviet air-corridor harassment, since the

plan indicated a willingness to make concessions on the hitherto "immutable right" of access. It is axiomatic in Berlin that the Soviets make maximum use of their tactical advantage before entering into negotiations, particularly when an opening is offered. It is clear that the plan to internationalize the access routes is basically a device to skirt the problem of the recognition of East Germany by diluting representation of the Ulbricht régime in an international control body. But the question being asked in Berlin is whether internationalization would not also dilute the allied—and particularly the American—commitment to Berlin on the key issue of access. This is followed by another question: would not internationalization just suit the Soviet desire for a stipulated agreement with the allies to hand to their East German minions —and thus provide an excellent point of departure for further encroachment toward the goal of full recognition in the future?

When to Meet a Challenge

The American government's determination to negotiate while deliberately avoiding a test of wills has paralyzed the defense of Berlin because it prevents the local command from countering each single threat quickly enough and adequately—if at all. Since the wall, Communist challenges have come with increasing frequency although they have been carefully confined in scope. It is the steadily mounting accumulation of Communist *faits accomplis* that makes up the only reality of the Berlin situation. The Communist offensive proceeds relentlessly. It is only when a challenge is met that it can be stopped. Otherwise a new position is consolidated and used as a base to mount a new attack. When the East German régime recently passed a new customs law requiring West Berliners to purchase a five-mark "visa" for travel abroad, the West German government immediately invoked the interzonal agreement and the application of the law was suspended. The agreement between General Mark Clark and Marshal Konev to resume operation of their countries' respective military missions in East and West Germany was possible only because the U.S. Army countered harassment of its mission's personnel by sharply restricting the Soviet mission in Frankfurt.

THIS was the sense of what has been called Clay's "brinkmanship." He attempted to bring the full weight of allied political and strategic considerations to bear directly on Berlin and thus offset the natural tactical advantage of the Soviets and the political use they make of it. The attempt failed insofar as the allies themselves—including the Americans —became alarmed by General Clay's moves in Berlin and fell into anxious indecisiveness.

On April 11, it was announced that Clay had "accomplished his mission" and would be leaving Berlin in the near future. On the same day, Clay flew to Washington to arrange the final details of his departure. Willy Brandt, speaking before the Foreign Press Association, explained that Clay would remain at President Kennedy's disposal as an adviser on Berlin questions and would return to Berlin from time to time—indeed, "in a few hours at any new sharpening of the situation." Brandt felt constrained to add that there could be "no question that General Clay has been relieved."

But the real question is whether Clay did not resign as the result of an acute sense of frustration in the face of an ambivalent American policy toward Berlin. For there can be no doubt that persistence in the present policy can ultimately spell the doom of Berlin—and with it the American position in Europe. If the Soviets go on defining the allied commitment in Berlin, as they have been, there will soon be nothing left to defend.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

A Negro Tourist in Dixie

BETTYE RICE HUGHES

It was mostly curiosity that caused me to set out from Los Angeles on a tour of the South by bus last November, just twelve days after the Interstate Commerce Commission's order went into effect forbidding separation by races in interstate busses and terminals. My trip lasted six weeks and carried me through Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and part of Mississippi.

The purpose of my tour was two-fold: I wanted to see at first hand how many Southern states were complying with the ICC ruling; and I also wanted to see if a female Negro tourist traveling alone—unheralded and unprepared for—would receive a different reception from that which had greeted the Freedom Riders.

The trip began uneventfully. I traveled straight across the middle of Arkansas and saw no "White" or "Colored" signs on the rest rooms or waiting rooms. I was certainly not welcomed with open arms and I could sense the hostility brought on by my presence in some towns, but I was served without incident.

In Memphis I encountered the first separate waiting rooms. There were stares from other passengers when I went into the main waiting rooms, but nothing more. I was served in the restaurant. In Monteagle, Tennessee, I saw the first evidence that the "Colored" and "White" signs had recently been removed. After a while I began to look for the different methods used in covering over these signs. In no case were new ones installed. Above the doors of rest rooms the color designations were often painted out or covered with metal strips, leaving an off-centered "Men" and "Women." But there were still four rooms, their racial backgrounds identifiable by location and by the length of the covered-up area on the signs.

I realize now that my naïveté about Southern customs was a protective cloak. Even when white people appeared to ignore me, my actions often drew stares from Negro passengers. I was subjected to my first real attempt at discrimination in Florence, South Carolina. I had transferred from Trailways to Greyhound. The bus was an express from New York City and was crowded with passengers going home for Thanksgiving. Florence was the first stop in South Carolina. I had not intended at first to go inside the terminal. I wasn't particularly hungry and I was a little short of money anyway. But a Negro girl sitting next to me, a native South Carolinian, said she wished she had a Coke and a hot dog and I thought I might as well join her. I asked her to go in with me, but she refused and asked me to bring her a sandwich.

There were no signs, so I went in the waiting room in front of me and on through to the restaurant just as I had been doing in other cities. As I walked into the restaurant the cashier looked up, turned red, and started pointing and yelling, "There's another one just across the waiting room!" Since she was looking everywhere but directly at me, I wasn't entirely sure at first that she was talking to me. I thought she might be talking to an elderly white man in front of me. (So did the poor old man, who turned and went out.)

Then I noticed a young Negro fellow who had been following me stop abruptly and leave the restaurant. There was no mistake about whom she meant. Stalling for time, I feigned innocence and asked her, "What's the difference? This one's fine, thank you." The cashier gave me a look that was anything but cordial but turned away from me to attend to her cash register. As soon as I moved toward the counter, a tall white counterman followed, and all the myths, half-truths, exaggerations, and facts concerning treatment of Negroes in the South swarmed through my mind. He kept repeating, "There's another one for you over there, through that door."

"What's the difference?" I asked him. "All I want is a sandwich."

"Just go on over to the other restaurant and you'll find out the difference," he said. He began to get redder and I got scared. "I don't want to stand here and argue. Just go on over to the other restaurant where you belong."

"I'm not arguing," I insisted, "but one's as good as another with me."

At this point he stalked off and I felt sure he was going to get the police or the White Citizens Council or the Ku Klux Klan—maybe all three. To my surprise, all he did was go back behind the lunch counter.

By now most of the white passengers were pointedly staring at their food. No one uttered a word and only a few even glanced at me. A customer got up from the counter and I sat down. I had no idea what was going to happen. I was sure I would not get service, but I did not intend to leave and give the counterman the satisfaction of saying that I went because of his threats. So I sat.

Just before the end of the lunch break, a waitress came over and took my order. My bravado had paid off. Nevertheless, when I returned to the bus I was no longer optimistic about what might lie ahead as we moved farther South, and I dreaded the next bus stop.

'Nothing We Can Do'

And yet at Charleston and Savannah, much farther South, I received service in restaurants and went into the main waiting rooms and rest rooms without incident. The other Negro passengers, who went to the waiting rooms formerly designated as "Colored," had started watching to see what I was going to do at the rest and lunch stops. Several of them asked me, "Are you riding for us?"

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I said that in a sense I was. But no one offered to go into the main waiting area with me.

Throughout Florida all "Colored" and "White" signs had been removed, and at the terminals that had separate waiting rooms I received service along with the other passengers. My courage had returned somewhat, so once again I was not prepared for trouble. When I entered the main restaurant in Tallahassee, a white man yelled back to the kitchen, "Tell Roy to come here!" Roy came out of the kitchen with his dishwasher's apron on. We were both black. So Roy could serve me, the ICC ruling would be obeyed, and the management could save face. Very neat. I had read of this happening to other Negro travelers in the South, but when I was faced with a real live instance I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Roy came over, very nervous, and asked for my order. I smiled at him and said, "What are they doing? Making you the scapegoat?" No answer. So I put on a sober face and gave him my order.

My first stop in Alabama was at Dothan. I had been worrying about Alabama all night. When we got to the terminal, I saw no "White" or "Colored" signs, and when the other Negro passengers went into the once segregated waiting room I went into the main waiting room and then into the restaurant. As I sat down I noticed the ICC ruling against discrimination on the wall and I must say it made me feel much better. The waitress took my order while a Negro cook stared through the service door from the kitchen. After she had brought my coffee, I heard the waitress say to a white woman sitting at the counter, "I know how you feel. I don't like it either but there ain't nothing we can do about it." The white woman got up and walked out.

But after I had sat over my coffee about five minutes, the waitress came over, smiled at me, and asked me where I was from. She stayed and talked. How did I like the South? Where was I going? As I was paying my check, she called after me, "I hope you have a nice trip."

From Dothan I traveled northeast into Georgia. At the major stops in that state—Atlanta, Macon, Savannah—I saw the separate waiting rooms but no "White" or "Colored" signs in the terminals. I went into the main waiting rooms and adjoining rest rooms and ate in the main restaurants. But at the smaller towns where the interstate express busses do not stop, the signs were still up, and all along the highway I noticed that Negroes and whites were still using separate waiting rooms. Discrimination is still rigidly enforced for passengers traveling within the state of Georgia. Only the interstate Negro passengers would sit in the middle or to the front of the bus. All other Negro passengers moved as

far back as they could even though posted at the bus entrance was a sign stating that according to the ICC ruling, passengers were to be seated without regard to race, color, creed, or national origin. In Georgia and also in Alabama I often saw white passengers stand up in the aisles for miles rather than sit down beside a Negro passenger. I also saw a Negro woman stand for two hours rather than take an empty seat beside a white passenger.

At Winfield, Alabama, a white man had been holding the door of the restaurant open for the bus passengers. But he took one look at me and slammed the door in my face. Nothing was said by the driver, by me, or by the bus passengers following. I just opened the door and went into the restaurant. As soon as I had sat down, the waitress was in front of me to take my order. I smiled to myself: this sort of hospitality was nearly as hard to bear as more direct forms of hostility. But I was given service.

Of all the towns I stopped in, I was most apprehensive about Anniston, Alabama. It had made international headlines six months previously when a bus carrying Freedom Riders had been burned. There were stares and an oppressive silence as I sat and drank my buttermilk. Negro passengers who had gone into the "Colored" waiting room would glance in at me. But I was served.

When the Greyhound express bus to Los Angeles reached Mississippi, it took what seemed to me a curious route. It certainly would have been faster to go from Alabama straight through the middle of Mississippi and then down to El Paso—the main transfer point for all Southern routes. Instead, we took a sharp turn northward, went across the northeastern tip of Mississippi, and without making a rest stop ended back "up north" in Memphis before we turned back down to El Paso. In other words, interstate passengers going from east to the west by Greyhound bus over the southern route never set foot on Mississippi soil.

On the return trip through Arkansas and Texas, I was given service in all the restaurants. At Dallas there were separate waiting rooms, but both Negro and white passengers as well as Indians and Mexicans were in the main one. There were, however, no Negroes eating in the main cafeteria during the time I was there.

FRANKLY, I do not know whether the treatment I received was due to the fact that I was traveling in the wake of the Freedom Riders or whether it was because I was traveling alone and without publicity. It may have been a combination of both. I felt that the threat of violence was always there—particularly in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama—but somehow it never erupted.

My own feeling, as one who is naturally interested in the securing of full rights for all members of my race, is that the advances that have been won through group action may now be reinforced by individual action. I believe that what must happen next is for Southern white people to get used to seeing Negroes in waiting rooms, rest rooms, and cafeterias. And it is just as necessary, it seems to me, for Southern Negroes to get used to seeing other Negroes bypassing the segregated areas so that they may take courage and insist on the best facilities and service available for their money.

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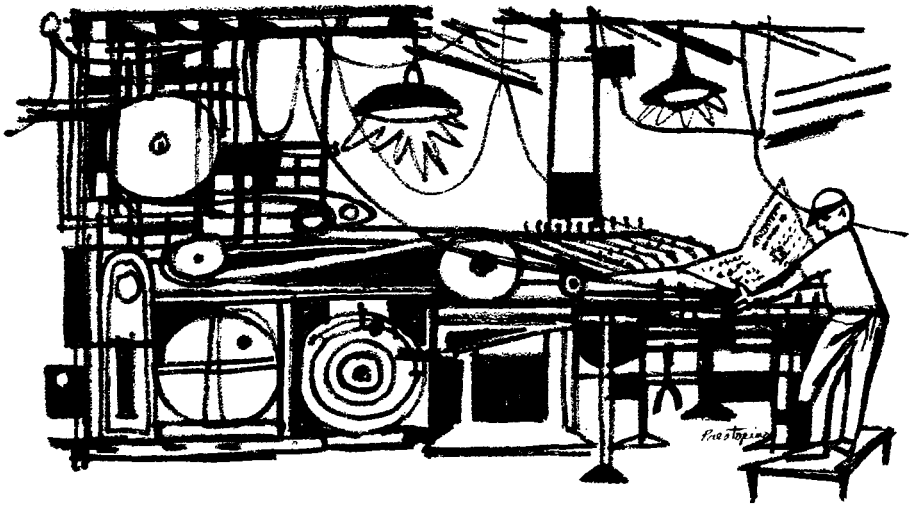

Two Newspapers In Search of a City

BRUCE BLIVEN

OVER a single weekend last January, Los Angeles, now a city of more than two and a half million, lost two of its four newspapers, the Hearst-owned morning *Examiner* and the evening *Mirror,* the property of the Chandler family, publishers of the morning *Times.* Surviving are the *Times* and a Hearst evening paper, the *Herald-Express,* renamed the *Herald-Examiner.* About 680,000 persons have had to shift their newspaper-reading habits or cut down on printed news and rely even more on television and radio. Most of the fourteen hundred employees with specialized skills were set adrift in a bleak labor market.

An investigation has been promised to see whether the simultaneous death of two newspapers in one city was the result of collusion and a possible violation of anti-monopoly statutes. Yet it is difficult to see how the government can ask private industry to operate at a loss; the Chandlers had sunk $20 million in the *Mirror,* and the managers of the Hearst empire obviously believed the *Examiner* faced a dark future.

How did this happen? No doubt there were various reasons, including the familiar bugaboo of costs rising faster than income. One cause in particular is significant because it highlights a far-reaching adverse development in Los Angeles that is becoming apparent in many other cities: these two newspapers died chiefly because downtown Los Angeles is dying. And "Downtown" is dying primarily because of the short-sighted policy of scrapping public transportation and replacing it by a strangulating system of freeways.

Not so long ago, Los Angeles had one of the best interurban streetcar systems in the United States. The big red Pacific Electric cars went out in all directions for many miles, serving a territory where today about six and a half million people live. They were fast, comfortable, and inexpensive, and the fact that they existed helped to build up a necklace of suburbs that have grown with fabulous rapidity. The suburban commuters, however, began to prefer driving their own cars; patronage of public transportation dwindled, and the Pacific Electric system had to be scrapped. Its demise coincided with the construction of the greatest complex of freeways in the world.

Some public busses now operate on the freeways, but they are subject to all the notorious difficulties of traffic here. Los Angelenos take morbid pride in telling tales of traffic congestion, as New Yorkers do in describing the horrors of the subway at the rush hours. Strangers trying to keep up with the frenzied freeway pace sometimes miss a turn-off sign and have to go miles before they can change course. On some of the routes, density of traffic is so near the absolute saturation point that a single accident may stop the flow for an hour or more.

The central area of the city has been sacrificed to the automobile Moloch. It is estimated that two-thirds of the total ground space is now taken up by streets, freeways, parking lots, and garages. If you arrive downtown later than eight o'clock in the morning, it may require a good deal of time and trouble to find a place to park. Big business firms have been forced to build garages for employees or devote expensive land to parking lots.

The businessmen who drive to their offices are on the whole remarkably insouciant about the perils of their freeway journeys, but this is not true of many others. A lot of elderly people are afraid to use the freeways at all. A lot of women shoppers have a psychological block against both the freeways and the trouble and expense of downtown parking. They have turned, in enormous numbers, to the gigantic new shopping centers which now litter the Southern California landscape and which sell everything a householder needs and many he doesn't.

In the past fifteen years, the downtown stores have slipped from forty-five per cent of retail sales in the region to less than eighteen per cent, and suburban business has grown correspondingly. The freeways that were to have brought the central city and the outlying regions closer together have in fact set up a psychological wall between them. Los Angeles was described years ago as "seven suburbs in search of a city"; today it is many suburbs that are not searching at all but instead are self-contained and growing more so.

THIS DEVELOPMENT has directly affected the newspaper situation. There are now about thirty dailies in the suburbs, practically all of them published in the afternoon (plus about a hundred "throwaways" distributed from house to house). They contain the advertising of the supermarket that is only a few

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blocks away. They also contain the local news of the immediate community that is the first reason for any newspaper's existence. In the past fifteen years the Los Angeles shopping area has grown by fifty per cent. The suburban papers have increased in circulation by the same amount, but the four metropolitan papers that existed until a few months ago had, as a group, practically stood still. Advertising volume has followed the same pattern.

The rise of the automobile made impossible a continuance of the old pattern of newspaper reading by the businessman. Formerly he had the morning paper delivered to his home or bought it on the corner before he boarded the interurban bus. He read it on his way to work, sometimes bringing it home at night. In the evening, he bought an afternoon paper on the corner or in the streetcar terminal, read it on the way home, and then turned it over to the other members of his family. But not even Los Angeles drivers are foolhardy enough to drive the freeways with one hand on the wheel while holding a paper in the other.

The metropolitan papers are suffering, if not in sales at least in careful reading, from the competition of radio and television news. Even on the freeways you can listen sketchily to news on the car radio. Television news at the end of the day has expanded and been much improved in recent years. It does not go into the detail of the newspaper, but many people don't mind that. It competes strongly in area-wide, national, and international news, but hardly at all in the local reporting that gives the new suburban paper its excuse for being.

The metropolitan papers have tried to fight back. The *Times,* for example, has published a number of special editions containing some local news and advertising for several suburban regions. It has not succeeded, however, in stopping the growth of the new chain of rivals.

The *Mirror* had troubles of its own. Some people feel it underestimated the sophistication of its potential audience: it tried to rival the Hearst evening paper, the *Herald-Express*, overlooking the fact that people who wanted that sort of thing would buy the original rather than a copy. One of the problems has been the physical task of distribution. The morning papers are sent to the suburbs before dawn, when even the freeways are peaceful, but the trucks of the afternoon papers must fight traffic; delivery is slow, uncertain, and expensive.

As for the *Examiner*, like all the Hearst papers it had improved greatly since the death of "the Chief," soft-pedaling his pet crusades and printing more actual news. It was in the same trouble that afflicts the entire chain—cumbersome, bureaucratic business-office control, a group of aging right-wing columnists with long-term contracts, and an old-fashioned tone, little changed over the years. Its Sunday edition had recently lost sixty thousand readers.

WHAT is the future of the two surviving papers? Some of the reporters who have lost their jobs feel that they did so because of the Los Angeles edition of the New York *Times*, to be launched next fall, but this seems unlikely. The *Times* will contain almost exclusively national and international news; it will be a second, supplementary morning paper, circulating chiefly by mail over a big area, and affecting the Los Angeles dailies no more than have the regional editions of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The Los Angeles *Times* seems as safe in its position as is the New York *Times* in New York. It has by far the largest advertising volume in the United States, more than the *Examiner*, *Mirror*, and *Herald-Express* had together, and is the prestige paper of Southern California; in 1960, the Times-Mirror Company had a gross income of $113 million, fifty-four per cent of it from newspaper advertising. It claims that thirty-five per cent of its readers are college graduates and that forty-four per cent earn ten thousand dollars a year or more. Still strongly conservative in policies, it is far more moderate and reasonable than in the days of its founder, the redoubtable General Harrison Gray Otis.

With a substantial fortune behind it, the *Times* is diversifying into many fields. It owns lumber mills, ranches, oil wells, a paper mill, a printing company, a book bindery, a map-publishing firm, a television station, and the New American Library, a big paperback publishing house in New York which has in turn bought two similar houses in Great Britain. The *Times* has also bought three of the local suburban papers, its potential rivals.

The renamed afternoon *Herald-Examiner*, on the other hand, faces a precarious future. The present management of the great Hearst empire is remorselessly killing off every enterprise that gets into the red; it has suspended, consolidated, or sold seven daily papers in the past few years.

It could easily be that within a few years the vast metropolitan complex, which will then be one two-hundred-mile community stretching from Santa Barbara to San Diego, will have only one newspaper attempting to cover all the important regional news. That is something to think about.

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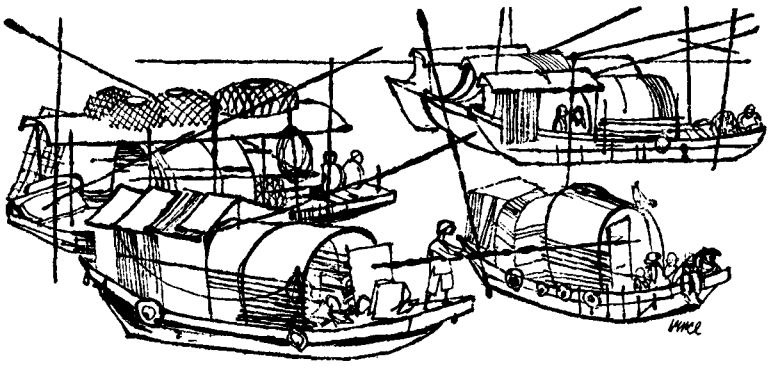

Thailand's Chinese Question

PHILIP WRIGHT

BANGKOK

THE PEOPLE of Thailand face the disturbing realization that China is destined to play a leading role in the drama of Southeast Asia, both because of the restlessness of its politics and the pressing needs of its people. China's exploding population desperately requires the rice surplus of Southeast Asia to alleviate its chronic food shortages, the wide empty spaces to provide living room for its crowded peasantry, and the as yet largely untapped natural resources which could give a livelihood to many more millions than they do now. There is little doubt here that China will eventually try to get hold of these riches, and it is therefore fear of China as much as fear of Communism that underlies the political tension in Southeast Asia, where ideologies do not mean as much they do in the West, and where the existence of large overseas Chinese communities is a constant reminder of China's proximity and influence.

Variously estimated at between ten and fifteen million people, the overseas Chinese are found all over Southeast Asia, and the question of their loyalty in case of a clash with China constitutes an unresolved and vexing problem in this troubled area. In pro-western Thailand, which feels itself directly threatened by Communist advances in Laos and in South Vietnam, the problem of the overseas Chinese is causing considerable worry: within this kingdom of twenty-six million live more than three million racial Chinese for whose political sentiments no one can vouch, and who play an indispensable role in the Thai economy.

William Skinner, an American who has made a detailed study of the role of the Chinese in Thailand, found that there are some two hundred Chinese leaders who, by means of business associations, interlocking directorates, and intermarriage, control the major part of the Thai economy. In their hands are eighty per cent of the all-important rice trade; they own banks and insurance companies, construction enterprises, and shipping lines. Retail trade, with the exception of Thai silk and garden market produce, is entirely in their hands, and there is no town or village that does not depend on its row of Chinese shops, its itinerant Chinese merchants, and its Chinese moneylenders.

The power and influence of the two hundred is a major element in the delicate relationship between Thailand and China; their attitude toward Communist China, like that of overseas Chinese anywhere in Southeast Asia, will undoubtedly influence the course of events in this strategic part of Asia.

Chinese traders have been settled in Thailand for six or seven centuries, and there has long been a steady southward push of peasants from Yunnan, Kwangtung, and Fukien fleeing natural or man-made calamities. But it was the opening up of Thai commerce to foreign trade in the second half of the nineteenth century and the establishment of direct steamship services with China in 1882 that turned Chinese immigration into a mass movement, involving millions of people.

Since the Thais were not eager to take up the new occupations created by western trade, being content to pursue their traditional means of livelihood—rice farming and government service—they welcomed the industrious, commercially minded Chinese as the right people to fill a gap in the Thai economy. Also, the great majority of immigrants were males who readily married Thai women and were easily absorbed into the larger Thai society.

AT THE BEGINNING of this century, the number of immigrants increased so rapidly that the Thais were no longer able to absorb them, and the Chinese themselves had to begin caring for their compatriots. This led to the founding of purely Chinese hospitals, schools, trade and dialect associations, and thus to the emergence of a cohesive community framework. It became possible for a Chinese to live in Bangkok without learning to speak Thai and practically without coming into contact with Thai people, except as customers. Possibly of even greater importance was the arrival in Thailand of more and more Chinese women; there was now no longer a valid reason for intermarriage, so that eventually mixed homes became the exception rather than the rule.

The China-born wife and mother who now set the tone of the community fashioned her home in Thailand in the image of the one she had left behind; and to that image she clung tenaciously, speaking only her own dialect, considering her village in China her real home, and instilling into her children love of China, respect for Chinese traditions, and pride in what she considered to be the cultural superiority of the Chinese over the Thais. This feeling of superiority has sharpened relations between the two people ever since. It has no valid basis, because the unlettered overseas Chi-

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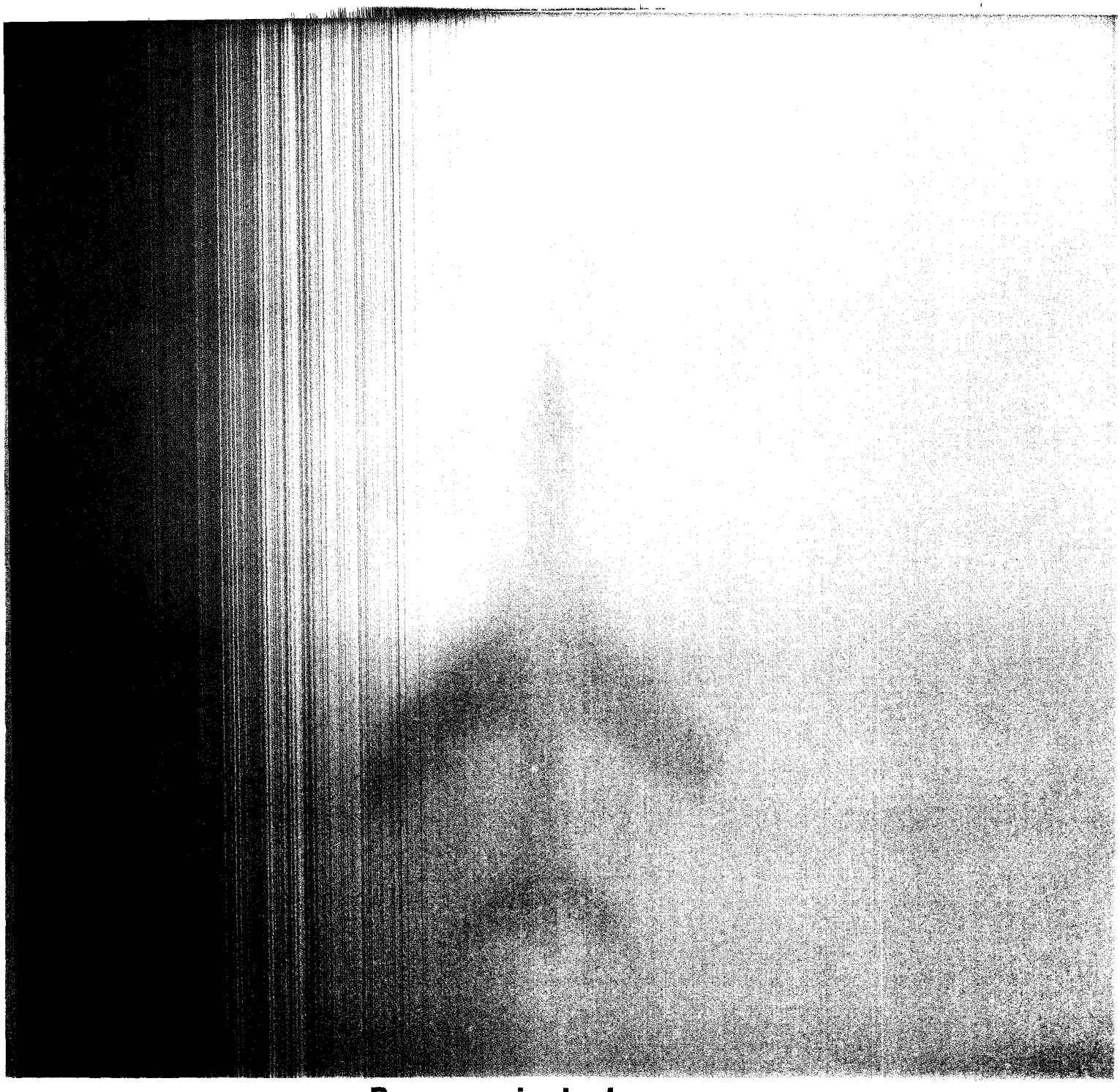
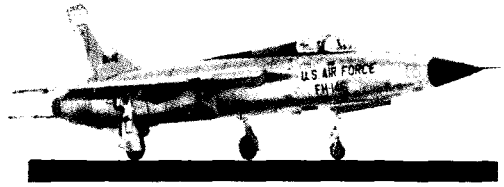


Pea soup is duck soup

The F-105D is an all-weather tactical weapon system. One man flies it with equal success in soup or sunshine. As tactical workhorse for the U. S. Air Force, since 1959, its active service proves F-105D mission capabilities are second to none. System means unity. Pilot, plane and weapons fly together as one. Purpose: Close support for ground forces. Requirement: Success in any weather. Armament: Broad range of conventional or nuclear weapons. To aid pilot control: Fully integrated automatic Doppler navigation radar, weapons delivery control, and flight control system which enables the pilot to take off under the worst weather conditions, come in low on the deck to avoid enemy radar detection, and hit the target. Mission accomplished, the F-105D returns safely to base.



REPUBLIC
AVIATION CORPORATION
FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

La Casa del Teatro

La Casa del Teatro in Buenos Aires is an unusual home for retired and between-engagements actors. It has cheerful apartments, offers various social services.

Would La Casa be interested in producing a series of filmed dramas? It would indeed, and it obtained the enthusiastic support of leading actors and directors.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY

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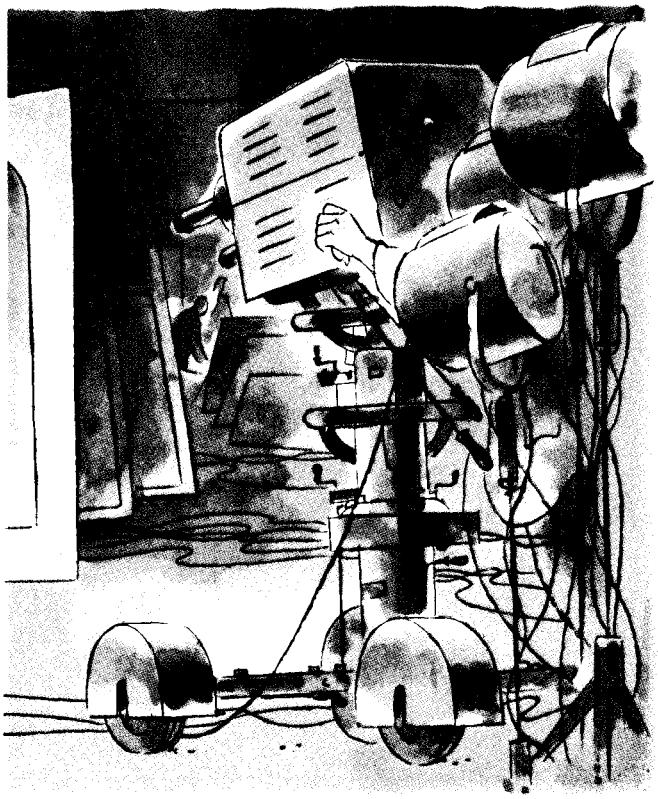
A popular meeting place for theatrical people and patrons of the drama, La Casa permits the actors to live together in touch with the world they all love.

A few years ago, the center was pressed for funds. At the same time, our Argentine affiliate was seeking a television program as an advertising vehicle.



Our affiliate bought the shows, which were applauded by public and critics. One earned an international award. Most important, La Casa gained needed funds.

Thus, in developing its advertising, an oil company helped rescue an actors' home. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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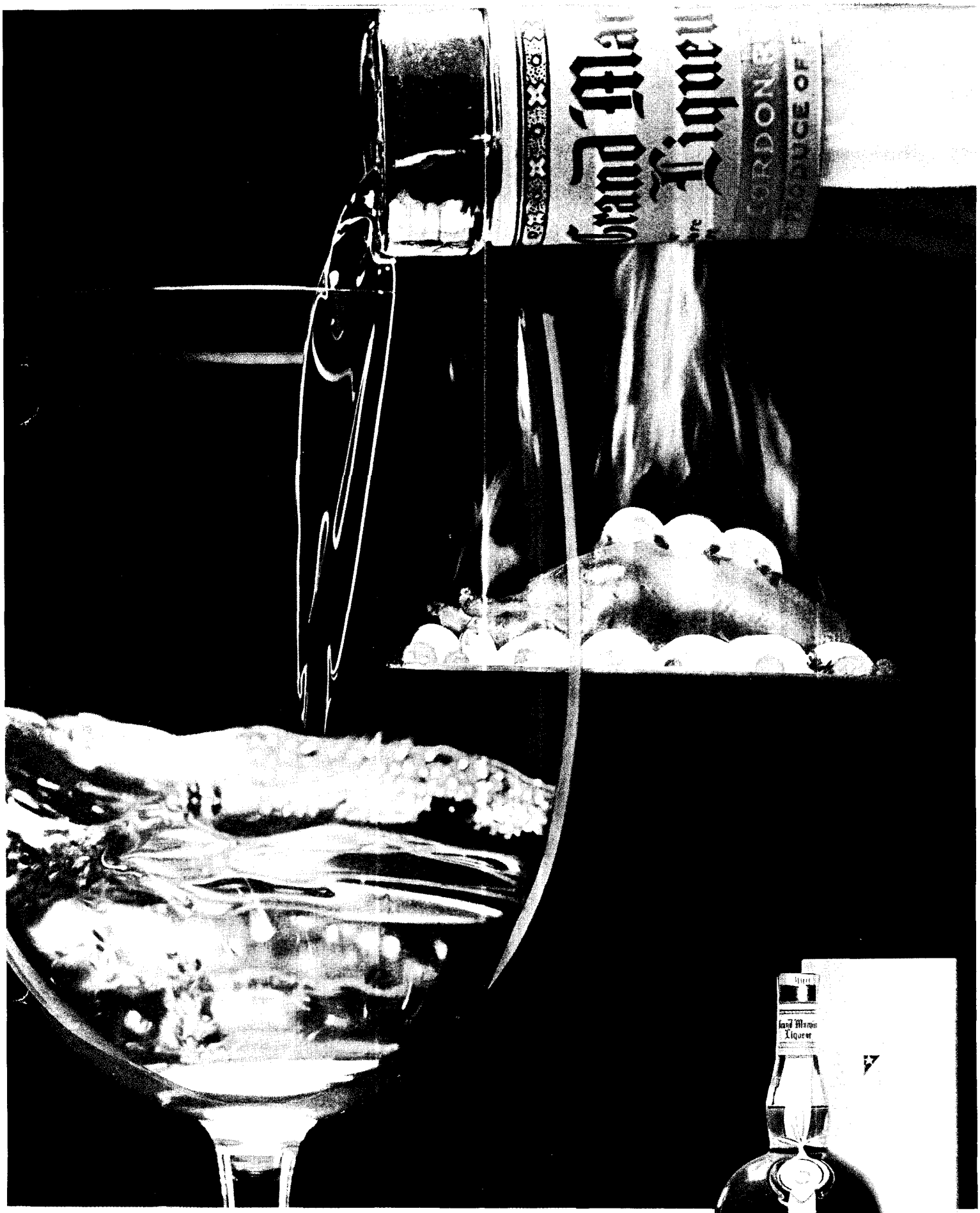

Glamorous flambé or in a glass, Grand Marnier excites in so many ways. Sipped gently, after dinner, there's magic in its cognac-and-orange bouquet. Try a simple sour. Or crush some ice—frappé! No matter what you do with Grand Marnier, you'll discover why it has been enjoyed the world over for 144 years. For more hints on how, write for free booklet.

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MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. RE 4 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 19

nese have never been the bearers of the superior forms of Chinese culture; but it persists because it expresses a genuine difference of cultural background and values between Thais and Chinese.

The Chinese have been taught by their historical experience of life in a country of harsh climate and too many people that hard work and frugality are the twin conditions for survival. The Thais, living in a country where nature is bountiful, can afford to be easygoing and to enjoy life. It is not surprising that the Chinese consider the Thais lazy and improvident, while the Thais think of the Chinese as greedy and materialistic.

Curbing the Chinese

A far-reaching consequence of these nationalistic feelings was the interest that the Chinese began to take in Chinese political events; an interest which later, when the warring factions on the mainland sought their active support, became a passionate identification with Chinese politics. Such a trend was further fostered by the fact that all Thai governments, fearful of a communal bloc, have discouraged Chinese participation in Thai politics. This was done by making it difficult for an immigrant to acquire Thai citizenship, and by giving voting rights only to those native-born citizens of Chinese parentage who had either served in the army or had been civil servants for at least five years, or who had been educated in Thai schools up to the secondary level. Few Chinese could qualify on any of these grounds and fewer still could run for office, since candidates must be third-generation Thais.

After the victory of Communism on the mainland, with its potential threat to the independence of China's smaller neighbors, the Thais decided that their Chinese minority could not be trusted. There followed a series of measures aimed first at restricting immigration—no more than two hundred people of any nationality may now immigrate to Thailand in a year—and then at curbing the economic power of the Chinese by restricting certain trades, such as hairdressing, taxi driving, and fishing, to Thai nationals only; by discouraging the renting or sale of land and even of buildings to Chinese; and by setting up government monopolies or government-controlled companies to direct shipping and the trade in certain commodities such as rice, salt, tobacco, and fuel, and, finally at speeding assimilation by banning all Chinese secondary schools and by restricting the teaching of Chinese in the remaining Chinese primary schools.

Apart from immigration, which has been reduced to a trickle, it is questionable how far these objectives have been attained. Although the poorer Chinese may find it harder to make a living and although the group as a whole has to be more circumspect in its behavior, its over-all economic power and interests have not yet been seriously affected. This is partly because there are not enough Thais skilled in commerce and industry to displace the Chinese. Another reason is that the major Chinese business enterprises have bought protection by giving high-ranking Thai officials and army officers lucrative silent partnerships. Assimilation has not made much headway. Only the wealthy Chinese, who have come into closer contact with Thai society because of their business dealings, have started to adopt Thai customs. But even among them the lingering attachment to China is so strong that it is not unusual for a well-to-do family with several sons to send at least one of them to be educated in Hongkong or Singapore in a Chinese school.

The strength of Chinese feelings about Chinese values would not by itself imply disloyalty to Thailand; but the Thais feel that it has made the Chinese community vulnerable to Chinese Communist pressure. The majority of Thailand's Communists and Communist sympathizers (the party is outlawed here) have been recruited from the Chinese community. Nor is this fact surprising: the Chinese have constituted until now the poorest classes of the urban population; they are loyal in spirit to the land from which they or their ancestors have come; they know that a powerful China will bring prestige to the overseas Chinese; and they hope that a strong government on the mainland will, if need be, effectively protect their interests. Peking's politically inspired acquiescence in Indonesia's persecution of its Chinese minority was a shock from which they have not yet recovered.

It is obvious then that the mere existence of overseas Chinese communities in Southeast Asia constitutes a potential asset for Communist China. To take the maximum advantage of it, Communist activities among the overseas Chinese are carried out under the direct supervision of the central committee of the Chinese Communist Party. According to the Union Research Institute of Hongkong, one of the best sources on Communist China, this committee has established three overseas Chinese departments, dealing respectively with intelligence, propaganda, and political indoctrination. Moreover, until 1958, when restrictions from Thailand and other countries began to be felt, yearly remittances of overseas Chinese to their relatives on the mainland amounted to between $110 and $140 million.

IT IS TRUE that during the Second World War the Chinese in Thailand, like the Chinese almost everywhere, backed the Nationalist government in the fight against the Japanese. However, this community-wide support gave way in the postwar years to an increasing indifference towards the Kuomintang and later to a bias in favor of the authorities on the mainland. The postwar community leaders were too young to be emotionally committed to the Nationalist cause; they also were impressed with the prospect of a strong central Chinese government well able to care for

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its nationals beyond its borders. This first uncritical acceptance of the new régime on the mainland continued through 1950: of the five Chinese dailies published in Bangkok four were pro-Peking and one was uncommitted; the most important community association, the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, had on its board three pro-Communists, one pro-Nationalist, and several neutrals suspected of leftist sympathies; and the leadership of the largest communal organization, the Teochiu Association, which embraces sixty per cent of the community, was equally leftist.

After 1950, unfavorable reports about the Communist paradise began to filter through from relatives in China; the commercial benefits that had been expected from the stabilization of conditions on the mainland did not follow; and the Thai government adopted an increasingly anti-Communist position. All these led to a more cautious attitude. Then, in November, 1952, the Thai government launched an all-out anti-Communist campaign. Since there were very few Thai Communists, it quickly took on anti-Chinese overtones. More than two hundred Chinese were arrested and a few deported; four schools, a number of associations, and more than a hundred business firms were raided, including the most prominent ones; and the two most outspoken pro-Peking newspapers were closed.

After the first shock, it didn't take the eminently practical Chinese long to adjust themselves to the new political climate. Leaders who had formerly been neutral now made a point of being seen at functions of the Nationalist Chinese embassy. But when, in 1955, Red China's international stock went up with Peking's participation at the Bandung Conference, followed immediately afterward by the signature of friendship treaty with Indonesia, Peking quickly regained some of the ground it had lost. At the same time, Communist China embarked on a trade offensive in Southeast Asia by making low-priced goods available to overseas Chinese merchants. The considerable profits they made contributed to influence these merchants favorably. The leadership of the Chinese community in Thailand seemed to be drifting anew toward a pro-Peking orientation. But not for long: since 1957, conditions both in Thailand and in China seem to have induced second thoughts. More and more of the Chinese leaders are disillusioned with conditions on the mainland and now recognize that support of a Communist régime is contrary to their most vital interests. Chiang's Formosa, on the other hand, does not appear to be considered a practical alternative. There is therefore a growing tendency toward a neutral line and assimilation.

All this reasoning, however, applies only to the upper strata of the community. Among the Chinese masses assimilation has not had a comparable impact, since the older generation had neither opportunity nor desire for contacts with Thais, while those now in their thirties or forties were educated in Chinese schools. They do not therefore share the attachment to Thailand felt by those more closely associated with the Thais, nor do they have the same stake as the elite in the continuation of liberal economic and political policies.

It is true that it is the elite that makes such public opinion as there is in the community, but no one knows how far its influence really goes. It is also true that no more than a minority of the Chinese are convinced and dedicated Communists, while the vast mass have remained ideologically indifferent. The potential danger that they and overseas Chinese everywhere in Southeast Asia represent is thus not a question of ideology. Rather it lies in their emotional identification with China, which is a fact of life that all Chinese governments have recognized and used, and which the Communists will certainly exploit if and when they feel strong enough to renew their traditional intervention in the affairs of Southeast Asia.

'This Is Radio Moscow'

AL NEWMAN

Back in the simple days of Stalin, hostility toward the West was total and unvarying over Radio Moscow and the language of invective had a certain grandeur. But nowadays things are a lot more complicated. The clumsy, self-disproving lie is usually avoided; the terms of denunciation have been moderated (it has been ages since anyone has been called a fascist hyena, and even the French OAS is only "ultra-fascist"); and above all, the sponsor's message changes from more or less winsome efforts to win the listener to nagging criticism of his government's behavior to outright threats so rapidly as to place what must be a considerable strain on the staff.

What this does to the American listener can be imagined. Some months ago when I began getting dizzy spells as a result of these disturbances to the inner ear, I determined to try to cure myself by tape-recording Radio Moscow and seeing what the broadcasts looked like in black and white.

The last days of January and the first half of February this year witnessed the rise and decline of what might be called an unprovoked friendship campaign. It began with an extremely cordial message from Soviet Premier Khrushchev to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt on January 28, anticipating what would have been her husband's eightieth birthday. Each night thereafter until mid-February the North American Service of Radio Moscow included one or more amity items on its hour-long program cycles which is repeated with certain variations and interludes of excellent music from 6 P.M. until 1 A.M.

On the night of February 4, Radio Moscow inaugurated a new fortnightly program called "U.S.S.R.-U.S.A.," made up of "anything which will increase confidence, peace, and friendship between the Soviet people and Americans." This atmosphere, which the English would call "smarmy," slopped over into science, sports, the arts, and the pro-

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fessions. Members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences then meeting in Moscow sent copious greetings to American cronies they had met at conventions here and in Europe. Eddie Rudolph of Northbrooke, Illinois, who finished eighteenth in the 1,500-meter event of the world speed-skating championships in Moscow, put in a good word for the Soviet steaks being fed the visiting athletes. One of the conductors of the Eastman Rochester Symphony, on a tour of Russian cities ending February 23, was interviewed extensively. He duly admired the Moscow subway and added somewhat wistfully, "The wonderful, massive demonstration of the Soviet audiences is something we will take home with us and pass along to our friends as saying, 'Do not be afraid to be demonstrative if that is your inclination. . . .'"

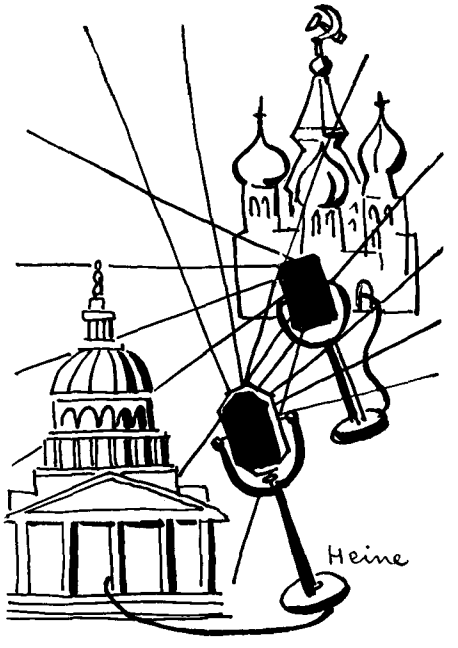
"For the first time in history our countries are going to produce a film jointly," gushed the Radio Moscow announcer one night early in the month. "This has been undertaken by Lester Cowan, one of the leading independent film producers of your country, and the film will be about the co-operation of Soviet and American scientists and the love of an American for a Russian girl. It will be a color film version of Mitchell Wilson's *Meeting at a Far Meridian*. . . . The film will be made in two languages. The American actors will learn Russian and the Soviet actors English. And we wish this enterprise every success."

Watery Amazement

As if this agglomeration were not confusing enough in itself, Radio Moscow had its hostilities to contend with at the same time. Chief among these was Punta del Este and the expulsion of Cuba from the Organization of American States. On this the line was that the United States had bribed practically everybody concerned but had lost. Castro's answer to Punta del Este, the Second Declaration of Havana, produced "Tribute to the Cuban Revolution," a fine example of Soviet lyricism reminiscent of the Stalin era:

". . . It seemed that nothing had changed [in Cuba] throughout all the centuries. Whips slashed on the plantations and the people groaned with grief and poverty. But then on January 1, 1959, it all began to change. If the waters of the Caribbean could see, they'd never recognize Cuba. Joy sparkles in the eyes of the fisherman off the shores, the farmer tills the land enthusiastically, the old huts of the time of Columbus have given way to new settlements with modern homes. The waters of the Caribbean would be amazed . . ."

The fifteen-minute rhapsody went on to say, "Cuba now produces many foods that before had to be imported from the United States. Another year and the island will fully satisfy



its own requirements of food products. [This was about a month before Castro was forced to announce rationing.] During 1960 Cuba also freed itself from the oppression of American monopolies. The revolutionary government countered aggressive acts by the monopolists by nationalizing the property of foreign companies, most of which were American. . . ."

Next evening, any aggressive American monopolists listening to Radio Moscow would have been even more amazed than the waters of the Caribbean at this excerpt from a friendship commentary by Ivan Sodorov: ". . . Soviet people would like to be friends with Americans. We have no territorial disputes or other insoluble differences that should prevent trust and understanding. Our two countries have every opportunity to co-operate to mutual advantage. In the sphere of trade, for example, the Soviet Union could place a great many orders that would be profitable to industrialists and businessmen of the United States. . . ."

The Boss's Wife Will Speak

In between bursts of hostility, the relentless rain of friendship continued. The downpour reached its peak about February 10 to 14, after which it slowly slackened. February 10 marked the Powers-for-Abel exchange. Radio Moscow, in a sudden reversion to the clumsy lie, presented the release of the U-2 pilot as a unilateral act of beneficence to reunite Powers with his family and improve Soviet-U.S. relations. In the end, perhaps because the Voice of America had succeeded in penetrating the thick hedge of radio jamming, the Russians decided to make a backhanded concession to fallen accuracy. At the very bottom of the news, appropriately enough on Washington's Birthday, there was an announcement that a letter had appeared in *Izvestia* from Hellen and Lydia Abel (pronounced Ah-bél), wife and daughter of Rudolf Abel. The communication, which was read in full, told how "our husband and father" was denounced by a "rascal and provocateur" (Anglicized to "provocator") and "condemned illegally to thirty years of forced labor in prison," but was released in exchange for "F. Powers."

Two days after the Powers deal, Washington revealed Khrushchev's first summit proposal. President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan replied politely that they would rather wait until the Geneva conference showed some chance of progress, but naturally Radio Moscow was off and running with the release of Khrushchev's proposal for a meeting of heads of state. At first the United Arab Republic, Sweden, and India were triumphantly hailed as having accepted—although it later turned out that in Egypt Moscow's reporters had been talking to the wrong people, that Swedish Prime Minister Erlander had really said that he would come *if* the heads of the big powers would, and that Nehru found mid-March inconven-

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ient because of the end-of-February elections in India. Each night another Communist satellite nation would acquiesce, to the manifest surprise and delight of Radio Moscow, whose recitation of countries that had accepted began to remind me of a protracted rendition of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." In the end only the "socialist camp" and Prime Minister U Nu of Burma agreed, and U Nu, of course, was soon deposed by an army coup.

FRUSTRATED by the refusal of so many guests to come to Khrushchev's surprise party, Radio Moscow went from mad to worse. On February 17 there was the following item:

"The OAS ringleader Raoul Salan is an agent of the West German and American intelligence agencies. So says a French colonel in a message from Lyons [to a] news agency of the Soviet Union. The letter is published in this evening's *Izvestia*, which complies with the colonel's wish that his name should not be mentioned in order to escape the vengeance of the terrorists. He calls himself a left Catholic and follower of de Gaulle.

"The letter points out that Raoul Salan collaborated with the Nazis during the Vichy era. After the war he joined [the] spy service of West Germany. Later the United States Central Intelligence Agency contacted him. The colonel reports meetings between Salan and America's ex-spy chief Allen Dulles. During one of them, Mr. Dulles instructed Salan to begin the Algerian putsch of April last year.

"The date was no accident. The uprising was meant to coincide with an attack on Cuba backed by the United States. After the revolt failed, Salan's terrorists grew active not only in Algeria but in France itself. . . . The French colonel explains that the OAS began to play the part of a diplomatic bomb for Washington and Bonn. It is meant to break de Gaulle's . . . stand in the question of the European political union where West Germany would play first fiddle."

On that same Saturday evening, with the persistence of some toothpaste commercials on American radio, Radio Moscow advertised each hour that "a message from Mme. Nina Khrushcheva to the women of the United States" would be broadcast four times the following night.

From what ensued, it seems certain that Mrs. Khrushchev's five-minute talk had been taped very early in the week, when friendship and summitry were still riding high. In any case, the six o'clock broadcast of Sunday, February 18, was a memorable one for students of the new Soviet propaganda techniques.

The ten minutes of news began thus: "The Soviet government has formally condemned the United States' aggressive plans against the Cuban Republic. A statement issued by the Soviet government today underlines that the United States' policy in regard to Cuba creates a serious threat to international peace and security . . . Intervention and blockade, terror and subversion, gross pressure and blackmail—the entire imperialist arsenal of subversive means has been thrown against the courageous Cuban people. . . . The Soviet government has and will continue to side with the Cuban people in their just struggle. . . . It has and will continue to render them assistance. . . . The well-known warnings issued by the Soviet government to the enemies of People's Cuba remain in force today. . . ."

With the end of the news at 6:10, the government statement regarding the United States and Cuba was read in full—a solid five minutes of vilification and scurrility ending in threats referring to earlier warnings of atomic destruction. Then, without so much as a mood-changing musical interlude, came the sweet, motherly voice of Mrs. Khrushchev calling for peace and amity. Speaking in heavily accented but intelligible English, she declared, "We do not want to fight but we want to be friends with you. Let us sink atom bombs, along with other weapons, in the deepest part of the ocean and live without weapons as good neighbors."

Of Cloaks and Daggers

There are essentially only two programming formulas used on Radio Moscow's broadcasts to America. One of them goes, "You are criminal imperialists, but let us be friends." The other goes, "Let us be friends, but you are criminal imperialists." An interesting and highly compressed example of the latter occurred a few weeks ago. The new two-year cultural-exchange agreement signed on March 8 was hailed in the translation of a commentary by Nina Aleksayeva. However, Mrs. Aleksayeva, a prolific commentator, had written another little item that day and they got run together like this, with the same (sweet, feminine) voice giving both:

"'. . . . There is no need for me to say how important these exchanges are and how much they can do to improve relations between our countries and establish mutual understanding.' Our observer, Nina Aleksayeva, goes on to deal with the American Peace Corps, the anniversary of whose founding has been celebrated in the United States.' . . . If we are to believe official sources the Peace Corps had as its first object to give aid to underdeveloped countries. . . . But judging from other sources the Peace Corps is very far from being associated with altruistic purposes. [An American general] said that if a threat to American interests should arise in any underdeveloped country, the members of the Peace Corps would have to give direct support to the military and police forces to help them maintain stability . . . In other words, the Peace Corps might at any moment be converted into a war corps. . . . The true aims of the Peace Corps were very soon guessed in many countries who were offered its services. . . . The *Ghanaian Times*, for example, writes that the Peace Corps is nothing more than neo-colonialism. The *People's Daily* of Burma writes that the main purpose of the Peace Corps is to protect the interests of American capitalists and represent the militarists as messengers of peace. . . . The Indian newspaper the *Daily Times* says that the loud words about the philanthropic and humanist character of the Peace Corps are lies from end to end. Under the mask of an envoy of peace the cloak and dagger of the spy is concealed.'"

THE SAME Ping-pong game has been going on all spring, and I regret to report that my experiment in tape-recording therapy hasn't worked: Radio Moscow still makes me dizzy.

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Siege Tactics of the AMA

MICHAEL J. O'NEILL

THE American Medical Association fairly brimmed over with satisfaction. So much so that it hurried out with a press release declaring it couldn't have been more pleased that its old ally, the American Hospital Association, had once again proclaimed its opposition to the King-Anderson bill to provide health care for the aged through the Social Security Administration.

AHA leaders were furious. Their declaration of policy, finally delivered from Chicago in early January after months of backstage struggle and controversy, was only vaguely visible beneath layers of AMA comment. Moreover, news dispatches gave the impression that they were still standing shoulder to shoulder with the doctors in the fight over care of the aged when, in fact, they were breaking ranks in several important respects, notably the need for government action and the issue of Social Security financing. AHA leaders tried hard to set the record straight, especially in Washington, where they were anxious not to alienate the Kennedy administration. Far from going down the line with the AMA, they insisted that under certain conditions the hospitals stood ready to adjust to the rigors of large-scale Federal aid to provide health care for the aged.

Putting On the Pressure

Behind these curious proceedings is the fact that the AMA is having more trouble than it cares to admit in holding its anti-Social Security forces together. This situation, as well as the factors underlying it, may have an important bearing on the eventual outcome of the King-Anderson fight even though the AMA lobby still wields great political power and so far holds the upper hand in Congress.

Maintaining a united front among the nation's health groups has always been an important part of the AMA's strategy for dealing with recurring thrusts toward "socialized medicine." Such unity tends to protect congressmen from the confusion that might be induced by conflicting advice from the so-called professionals. Thus, although the organization has been soliciting the support of every kind of group—from luncheon and service clubs to the Young Women's Christian Association and the National Council of Churches—it has been fighting with even greater determination to hold the health associations in alliance.

The trouble is that the hospitals, which would play the key role in any Federal health-insurance program, are feeling many of the same economic strains that have made health care for the aged a major political issue. The hospital-run nonprofit Blue Cross plans have been falling farther and farther behind in their attempt to compete with health-insurance companies, which can offer more benefits for less money because they cover only selected population groups. Dr. Basil MacLean, a former president of both the American Hospital and national Blue Cross Associations, put the problem bluntly in a letter to Representative Wilbur Mills (D., Arkansas), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee: "The aged simply cannot afford to buy . . . the scope of care that is required, nor do the stern competitive realities permit any carrier, whether nonprofit or commercial, to provide benefits which are adequate at a price which is feasible for any but a small proportion of the aged."

As long ago as 1958, the Hospital Association, representing ninety per cent of the general hospital beds in the country, said that the use of Social Security funds "may be necessary ultimately." But under pressure from the AMA, it quickly pulled back. In the Ways and Means Committee hearings last summer, Dr. Frank S. Groner, then AHA president, stood firmly against any Social Security financing. As the purchaser of so much hospital care, he testified, the government would "exert the power of the purse in ways detrimental to the interests of hospital patients" and encourage "runaway costs with consequences that could be disastrous to the public and their hospitals."

But even as Groner spoke, a revolt was under way. Indeed, without any word to the AMA, the AHA leaders had a private meeting with Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Abraham A. Ribicoff. Although they technically opposed the King-Anderson bill, the leaders gently broached the idea of amending it so that the program would be administered through Blue Cross rather than the Social Security Administration. Ribicoff inquired whether the hospitals, in return, might be willing to break with the AMA on the issue of Social Security financing. The AHA leaders replied that they could not quite go that far yet. The deal was shelved, but the idea did not die.

AS THE MONTHS went on, tensions mounted along with hospital costs and political heat. Bleakly surveying their problems, more and more AHA and Blue Cross leaders concluded that they would need some kind of Federal aid. They became convinced that time was running out and that if they didn't come to terms quickly with the public demand for government-financed health care for the aged, they would lose out altogether. At the annual AHA convention last fall, the delegates perfunctorily reaffirmed their

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opposition to Social Security financing. However, they also called a special meeting for early this year to reconsider their position.

The special meeting was the tip-off that trouble was brewing, and the AMA swung into action behind the scenes to prevent an open break. As AHA and Blue Cross committees went to work drafting recommendations for the special policy session, pressures began to build up. Blue Cross plans tied to the AMA-run Blue Shield balked at any kind of retreat. Conservative factions within the AHA, particularly in the South and Southwest, made common cause with the doctors in favor of holding the line. Doctors on hospital staffs and boards of trustees dropped around to see their lay hospital administrators and let them know how they should vote when the AHA House of Delegates met. A member of the AHA's preparatory committee confided: "I was contacted by AMA representatives and their whole approach was that the hospitals shouldn't have anything to do with any kind of Social Security program. I don't think they really understood the issues and I felt it was my own business what I recommended." Another member of the committee suddenly received letters from twenty graduates of his medical school threatening to cut off their alumni contributions if he continued to recommend AHA endorsement of Social Security financing. "But I didn't feel so intimidated," he recalled, "when I checked up and found out that none of them had been making contributions anyway."

In Iowa, officials of the Chamber of Commerce, which has been working with AMA, contacted prospective AHA delegates to warn them of the folly of Social Security financing. The delegates were not unmindful that members of the Chamber are also influential members of many hospital boards. Thus, one industrialist, Allen D. (Sonny) Marshall, vice-president and secretary of the General Dynamics Corporation, made an all-out fight to block any action by the AHA delegates on care of the aged. Marshall, a member of the Ellis Hospital board of trustees in Schenectady, New York, argued strenuously that hospital boards, not the administrators who serve as AHA delegates, should have the final word on national hospital policies. He made the point in his own hospital and lobbied actively for it with other boards through private conversations, telephone calls, and letters. He was dissuaded with some difficulty from writing the trustees of some five thousand AHA-member hospitals, but he did dispatch his views to AHA headquarters in Chicago and he later showed up at the special House of Delegates meeting. "The heat was terrific," one official recalled. "Hospital administrators are the most insecure people in the world. They are caught between the medical staffs and the boards, and the delegates couldn't help feeling nervous. If it hadn't been for all the lobbying, I think we would have gone for a flat endorsement of Social Security financing. As it was, we had to fudge the issue."

Does Kerr-Mills Go Far Enough?

In the end, the AHA dropped its opposition to Social Security financing and conceded the need for further government aid to meet the health demands of all the aged, not just the financially needy who are covered under the AMA-championed Kerr-Mills program of public-assistance grants. But the AHA added an important qualification: any Federal program, it said, should be administered through voluntary health plans, rather than through the Social Security Administration. For this purpose, it proposed a national Blue Cross package with the government helping to pay the premiums. "Conditional upon the administration of this proposed plan by the voluntary nonprofit prepayment system," said the AHA, "the tax source of funds is of secondary importance to us."

Although the proposal didn't go far enough to suit some hospital leaders, it did go far enough to irritate the AMA. The AMA press release declared that it was "gratified" that the hospitals had opposed Social Security administration of an aged-care program as proposed in the King-Anderson bill, but AMA leaders were privately unhappy. They objected to the AHA suggestion that the Kerr-Mills program wasn't enough to meet the needs of the aged, and to the casual AHA attitude toward Social Security financing. They objected even more to the fact that the hospitals had edged perceptibly closer to a working relationship with the government. In fact, there was a flurry of premature speculation that the hospitals and the administration might get together on a compromise. But Wilbur J. Cohen, a top Ribicoff aide, Social Security authority, and key administration strategist on care of the aged, made it clear in private that there is no present disposition to accept the hospitals' demand that Blue Cross serve as middleman.

Moreover, the Blue Cross plans themselves were far from united on the issue. At Chicago the national Blue Cross Association declared that "many retired aged persons will need government assistance" to buy health coverage. But it never went as far as the AHA, particularly in the matter of Social Security financing. And since the Chicago meeting, the pressures have been so great that even the hospitals have seemed rather skittish about their declaration of independence. Their break with the AMA was nevertheless officially and naggingly on the record.

Dr. Baumgartner Strikes Back

Another major health organization that has strayed from the AMA fold is the American Public Health Association, representing some thirty-three thousand Federal, state, and local health workers. At the Ways and Means Committee hearings last summer, the APHA's Dr. Milton Terris testified that some new methods were "urgently needed" to extend health protection to millions of the elderly who are not now covered by voluntary plans. But he confessed that "We do not have, at the present time, a clear mandate from our membership to support any particular method of payment, either through Social Security" or anything else. As in the case of the hospitals, however, rebellion was in the air and the AMA again sought to head it off.

When the APHA leaders gathered in Detroit in November, 1961, for their annual policy meeting, the AMA's campaign was in full swing. Literature warning of the evils of a Social Security approach to care of

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the aged was distributed to all the delegates. Doctors sympathetic with the AMA position lobbied vigorously against any precipitate action, emphasized the need for unity on the health front, and suggested that health officers should not get too involved in medical-care matters. But APHA leaders like Dr. Leona Baumgartner, New York City commissioner of health and past president of the association, struck back. "I am told it is controversial for health officers to be concerned with medical care," she said. "If we as health officers are not concerned with medical care in today's situation we are not concerned with public health and should be removed." Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, said that "The AMA attitude can be summed up with 'everything's great; don't rock the boat,'" but he asserted that everything is far from great. At the end of the debate, the Public Health Association leaders broke with the AMA, approving a resolution supporting "appropriate proposals, including social insurance mechanisms, to provide for sound financing of adequate health services to be available to the aged individual without a means test and on a paid-up basis . . ."

THE American Nurses' Association, still another member of the national health team, has also parted company with the AMA on care of the aged. It supported the original Forand bill, the most sweeping of the many Social Security-based proposals, and it now backs the King-Anderson bill, which provides hospital and nursing-home care for the elderly. Its venture in independent thinking has been costly, the nurses say. Miss Mathilda Scheuer, president of the ANA, charged that the AMA had used "rather unethical pressures" in an effort to get nurses to repudiate the ANA stand—to the point where some members voiced fear "that if they continue to support the King-Anderson bill, they may lose their jobs within the hospitals." (See "Medicine's Forgotten Women," by Barbara Carter, *The Reporter*, March 1.)

At a secret strategy meeting in Chicago last year—a session where special guards were used to maintain maximum security—AMA leaders suggested a number of ways in which state and local medical societies might help promote a united front. One was to attempt to get a local nursing group to disavow the position taken by the ANA, which represents 170,000 registered nurses. Within a matter of months, the ANA said that thirty-five of its fifty state associations reported attempts to influence their position. The Washington State Medical Association dispatched a memorandum to its members warning that "it is of utmost importance that our senators and representatives receive letters from registered nurses who are against the King Bill. Please encour-

age your nurse to write to her congressman immediately if she is opposed to social security medicine . . ." The Pennsylvania Medical Society offered to pay the expenses of the state nurses' association official if she would go to Washington to testify against the ANA position. The Colorado Nurses' Association charged that in many states the pressures included "threatening reprisal against nurses who belong to their professional organization which has taken a stand opposite that of the medical coworkers."

"There have been a variety of approaches," according to Miss Julia C. Thompson, the ANA's Washington representative, "some through the district medical societies, some through individual physicians, some through the state medical society. Sometimes they have come to the state nurses' annual meetings with resolutions asking the nurses' associations to adopt them. They have asked to appear on the program without prior request. They have gone to board meetings of state nurses' associations asking to present their views . . . [although] the board meeting of an association is considered a closed meeting . . . There have been instances where nurses have been advised not to join the American Nurses' Association because of the stand that we have taken on this legislation." The ANA says that where the pressures have been greatest there has been a serious decline in ANA membership.

Converting the Churches

Although the AMA has devoted a good deal of its attention to the nurses and other health organizations, it has not limited its activities. It pursues every group that might help its cause in Congress, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant. It is indefatigable even in the presence of rebuff, as its campaign among church organizations demonstrates. When the General Board of the National Council of Churches endorsed the Social Security approach to health care for the aged in February, 1961, the AMA took the action more as a challenge than a defeat. It immediately set about trying to neutralize or reverse the decision by working on member churches to repudiate the board. The United Presbyterian Church, for one, got the full treatment.

It had been expected that when the church held its General Assembly in Buffalo later in the year it would follow the National Council's recommendation. The *Christian Century* directly attributes its failure to do so to the "tremendous, amazingly well-organized, and well-financed pressure" of the AMA. It said, "A pressure group barked and the church retreated," avoiding the Social Security issue entirely.

All of the nine hundred church commissioners meeting in Buffalo received a packet of AMA literature attacking the proposals for care of the aged through Social Security. Thanks to some intensive spadework, many commissioners also received personal letters from hometown physicians. In addition, the General Assembly accused the AMA of misrepresenting the recommendations of a church committee, which tentatively seemed to favor the Social Security approach, by suggesting that it was the official church position. The Assembly's newspaper, *General Assembly News*, reported:

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"As a matter of courtesy . . . the minutes of this committee meeting were sent to the American Medical Association. The minutes were never released for publication, but the AMA widely publicized the results of the study process as an official action of the United Presbyterian Church. It subjected various officials, boards, and departments of the church as well as many individual ministers to a highly organized pressure campaign in opposition to what it called 'an official position of the church' but what was in fact only a preliminary study." The *Christian Century* called the episode the first instance that it knew of in which the AMA "lobby tried openly to influence the commissioners of an important church body." It accused the AMA of failing in the observance of truth and in "courtesy and manners," but conceded that it had achieved a "substantial victory."

The AMA took a somewhat similar if less spectacular tack in the case of the Young Women's Christian Association. When the YWCA's national board endorsed the Social Security principle for health care of the aged, the AMA's executive vice-president, Dr. F. J. L. (Bing) Blasingame, fired off a letter expressing "shock." He advised the board that it had in effect approved a step toward "socialized medicine," and suggested that organizations like the YWCA should not get involved "in such a controversial, technical issue." Shortly after this, the doctors began following through by working on local chapters in an attempt, so far unsuccessful, to encourage a policy reversal.

FOR ALL its troubles with its supposed health allies and other groups, the AMA remains an imposing political power commanding the grudging respect of the administration and Congress. Most of its 186,000 members seem to support its stand against Social Security care for the aged (some secret polls have been nine to one in its favor), and most of the doctors who disagree find it politic not to express themselves publicly. So the AMA is at least able to speak for doctors with a single clear voice, unembarrassed by any serious static of medical dissent. At the moment the voice is still loud.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Writing on the Wall

FRED GRUNFELD

SELF-RECOGNITION, says an oft-quoted German proverb, is the first step toward improvement. Since the Second World War, the best of West Germany's younger writers have created a whole literature of self-recognition—a library of fiction, drama, and history that subjects the nation to a cold-eyed scrutiny of past actions and present motives. Much of it is relentlessly factual, like Franz Schonauer's new history of *German Literature in the Third Reich,* which indicts Hitler's authors on carefully documented charges of perfidy. The theme has also been taken up by lyric poets and by tale-spinners in the fantastic tradition of E. T. A. Hoffmann: one of the most brilliant treatments of recent German history is Günter Grass's novel *Die Blechtrommel* ("The Tin Drum"), in which a latter-day Till Eulenspiegel matches wits with the Nazis.

At first such books were welcomed as necessary postwar purgatives; now the reading public seems to be growing tired of the lesson. Some of the mass magazines have run indignant editorials demanding that West German novelists cease their scrutiny of old Nazi follies and take an interest in more positive subjects. When Schonauer's unpleasant history appeared last year, its publishers claimed that the popular press had entered a conspiracy of silence against it. And as the Berlin crisis grew more acute, many other angry young men learned that in times of political stress it is not critics but cheerleaders who are most in demand.

I doubt if it will ever be said of the postwar writers that they gave much of a cheer for any régime. Their skepticism and their penchant for muckraking have brought them repeatedly into conflict with Konrad Adenauer's far more practical policy of letting the dead bury the dead. The resulting antagonism between Bonn and the writers is perhaps even greater, though less publicized, than the split between de Gaulle and the French intellectuals. "Our authors," complained the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* not long ago, "view our republic not with the eyes of critics but with eyes of hate."

Though sometimes accused of fellow traveling, West German writers—unlike the French—live so close to the realities of the Soviet Zone that they harbor few illusions, if any, about Communism. A large number are themselves refugees from the East. As a group they tend toward pacifism, or at least they form a fairly reliable opposition to Bonn's "politics of strength," particularly since Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss began his cam-

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paign for nuclear armaments. In the army of the Federal Republic, the Bundeswehr, they profess to see a revival of the very militarism with which, as authors, they have not yet settled accounts.

Before August 13, some of the West German writers invited their benighted East German colleagues to fruitless round-table discussions. "Discussion is better than shooting" was the watchword of these meetings, and at the same time they began publishing a little magazine significantly entitled *Alternatives*. But Ulbricht's wall brought an abrupt end to these attempts at conciliation and gave rise to the bitterest controversy among German men of letters since the days of the book burnings. Nearly every important German writer has been drawn into this wrangling, which still goes on and on, having grown from a simple challenge to the Communists into a free-for-all involving the artist-citizen, the artist-nihilist, the poet-escapist, the writer who would like to represent the conscience of the nation, and the nationalist who would like to repress the conscience of the writer.

It was Günter Grass, at thirty-four easily the most gifted and inventive of Germany's young novelists, who fired off the opening communiqué in this war of many words. On the day after the wall went up, Grass published a characteristically double-edged open letter to Anna Seghers, a heroine of the literary resistance against Hitler and now, at sixty-one, one of Ulbricht's chief propaganda exhibits.

"It was you who taught my generation, or at least everyone who had ears, after that never-to-be-forgotten war, how to tell right from wrong; your book *The Seventh Cross* has molded me, has sharpened my vision . . . Today nightmares stand as tanks at the Leipziger Strasse . . . Today it is dangerous to live in your state, it is impossible to leave your state."

In West Germany, Grass added, there were also matters worth criticizing. "Today Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder is busying himself with his favorite toy, a national emergency law. Today in Deggendorf, Lower Bavaria, they are making preparations to celebrate religious anti-Semitic holidays . . . You, as weak and as strong as a woman can be, should lift your voice against the tanks and speak out against the barbed wire that is forever being manufactured in Germany . . . I shall not tire of speaking in a westerly direction, and I shall go to Deggendorf to spit into a church that has raised painted anti-Semitism to its altar . . ."

Shortly afterward, Grass joined forces with Wolfdietrich Schnurre, a forty-one-year-old novelist who also lives in West Berlin and who has written some of his best-selling fiction about the city. Together they addressed an appeal to the entire (East) German Association of Writers "either to support the actions of your government publicly or to denounce its injustices. There can be no 'inward emigration' now, just as there was none between 1933 and 1945. Those who remain silent become guilty." Here, and throughout the subsequent debate, the writers speak of the present issue in terms of the old one that still preoccupies them, the struggle against fascism in their fathers' generation.

The desultory replies that Grass and Schnurre received from the Soviet Zone never mentioned the wall by name. It was as if the word "*Mauer*" had vanished from East German dictionaries. Instead, they spoke of "defensive actions" and "necessary measures" (the one presumably translates into barbed wire, the other into concrete blocks). And, predictably, they accused Grass and Schnurre of giving aid and comfort to the very things they had long fought against—"Nazis occupying high posts at Bonn, the revival of veterans' organizations, and the singing of '*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*' . . ."

From Anna Seghers there was no word at all, but something in the nature of a rebuttal to Grass's challenge came from Professor Ludwig Marcuse, a distinguished émigré scholar who lives in California. "Asking Anna Seghers to act, that is to write, at a time like this merely means bringing about her martyrdom," Marcuse wrote. "Her sacrifice would not be useful in the least; it would be nothing but suicide . . . You can go to Deggendorf and spit into the church of barbarism; it would not cost you your head. Anna Seghers, a prisoner under the whip of highly trained jailers, may in the coming days have to pay in blood just for maintaining a forthright silence. That is surely the most one can still expect from Ulbricht's intellectuals."

Editorial writers in several West German papers took Grass and Schnurre to task for some of the same reasons. It was too easy for free writers to proclaim their own virtue while asking their captive colleagues to commit "paper hara-kiri," argued W. E. Süskind, the elderly, eminent political editor of Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung;* in other words, the open letters smacked of self-righteousness. More irate criticism came from those who resented the assertion that there had been no "inward emigration" during the Third Reich, and the suggestion, implicit in both letters, that West Germany had a lot of housecleaning left to do. Hitler's régime may have been hard and merciless, wrote one of the publishers of West Berlin's brash, aggressive *Tagesspiegel*, "but at any rate there were dozens of journalists, artists, and authors who, to our delight, knew how to play many little tricks on it . . . Such fellows as Grass and Schnurre, or that genius of compilation and oversimplification Schonauer, have evidently gone through German publications of 1933-45 wearing blinders."

Journalists with long-standing grievances against the dissenters and the seekers of "alternatives" chose this as the opportune moment to belabor their whole postwar performance. The trouble with the new generation, it appeared, was that it considered itself a "homeless Left" but had nothing in the way of a program. During the Weimar Republic, Germany's writers had fought for all sorts of social causes: public housing, pensions, medical insurance, and the redistribution of wealth. Now the intellectuals no longer had an issue, wrote the *Tagesspiegel*'s intense young political columnist, Wolf Jobst Siedler, because this social utopia had come to pass under the Bonn Republic. They admitted as much, Siedler said, when they accused the government

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of stifling opposition with "shabby consumer pleasures." Politically these disoriented authors had come to the end of the line, he concluded. "The dream of a literary republic, in which each party picks away at its own régime until one can meet somewhere in the middle, is dreamed out. The Left wanted to argue instead of shoot. Now it can no longer do so, because its partners in discussion refuse to issue border permits." In the more moderate *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, the veteran political commentator Ernst-Otto Maetzke dismissed the question with a shrug: "It would be better if one or the other of them would occasionally write a nice book again."

To enlist the support of other writers who had refrained from any public comment on the wall, Schnurre issued a still more strongly worded manifesto. In almost every European country, he reasoned, "writers are the conscience of the nation. Only in Germany they feel that they should, and do in fact, keep still. But just as the East German authors make themselves guilty through their silence, so the West German authors will also be guilty if they do not speak up now."

ALTHOUGH some newspapers greeted these documents as laughable efforts by befuddled amateurs, several influential journals took up Schnurre's slogan and conducted wide-ranging surveys on the question of guilt by silence among writers. In Hamburg's militant *Welt*, Georg Ramseger concluded an indignant editorial with: "The worst of it is, our authors will have nothing more to say to us if they keep silent now." One of his chief targets was Erich Kästner, famous satirist, anti-Nazi resistance writer, and author of a minor classic, *Emil and the Detectives*. Though Kästner is president of the West German P.E.N., the most important association of literary men, he refrained from saying anything. An irritable reply came, instead, from Heinrich Böll, the forty-four-year-old Catholic novelist who is West Germany's most prominent postwar author and ranks as its only candidate for the Nobel Prize. "I begin to sense the beginnings of demagoguery," Böll wrote. "It doesn't take any courage to say the obvious: that I am against the wall and happy for everyone who succeeds in escaping . . ."

Newspaper efforts to elicit statements from other holdouts among well-known authors had the enthusiastic support of Rudolf Krämer-Badoni, a conservative author of the old school. He told a radio audience: "The German people"—if that is the correct translation for "*das deutsche Volk*"—"has a right to know where its intellectuals stand." Hans Magnus Enzensberger, at thirty-two one of Germany's finest poets, found himself attacked simultaneously by Krämer-Badoni and by *Neues Deutschland*, the official East German party organ. "There is not much a writer can do under the circumstances," wrote Enzensberger, who now makes his home in Norway. "I have lectured in Leipzig in order to read aloud those works which the German Democratic Republic will not allow me to publish there . . . . I shall leave the distortion of truth, the suppression of freedom, and the exchange of invective to others."

Michael Mansfeld, the thirty-nine-year-old author of the powerful anti-war film *Die Brücke* ("The Bridge"), diagnosed the present malady as a recurrence of the old national ailment. In Spain, he wrote, such a wall would have taken ten years to build: in Germany it took only forty-eight hours. "It has worked just as smoothly once before," he added. "The mass of Germans have evidently not grasped, even now, that the wall at the Brandenburg Gate has a devilish resemblance to the wall that the Germans built around the Warsaw ghetto." It was not primarily a question of reuniting the country, Mansfeld thought, "but of bringing seventeen million people out of harm's way, so that they alone need not carry the burden of a war we all lost together."

THE PLIGHT of these seventeen million, meanwhile, found fascinating literary expression in a new novel by Uwe Johnson, *Das dritte Buch über Achim* ("The Third Book about Achim"). The twenty-seven-year-old Johnson, himself an émigré from the Soviet Zone, is the only German author who has succeeded in writing a first-rate novel about his experiences under the Ulbricht régime. The Achim of his title is a champion bicycle racer who has become a hero and propaganda figure. A West German journalist who happens to meet him during a visit to the East undertakes to write a new biography of the champion. Two official books about Achim have already appeared, but the third, because it asks too many questions and probes too deeply beneath the surface, can never be published. In a style deliberately fragmentary and obscure, Johnson describes life in the Soviet Zone from constantly shifting points of view. He has written a book about the writing of a book, a portrait once removed from its subject. Though the method subdues the dramatic events of Achim's life, the novel generates tremendous tension out of the conflict between appearance and reality in East Germany. All levels of consciousness are gradually affected by it, and in the end the essential truth is simply surrendered to the state.

Johnson contributed nothing to the first stages of the authors' debate, but critics agreed that his book was the first work of art with specific relevance to the Berlin crisis. Recommended by both literary and political commentators as anti-Ulbricht reading of the most beneficial sort, *Das dritte Buch über Achim* did well enough to land on the bottom rungs of the best-seller ladder. Then Johnson inadvertently caused an uproar that came near turning him into an enemy of the people. The trouble began at a public symposium organized in Milan by his Italian publisher, Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, who made *Doctor Zhivago* available to the West and also published *The Leopard*. A second well-known participant was Hermann Kesten, a critic and novelist who fled Germany under Hitler and now lives in Rome. It was Kesten's thesis that on August 13 the "post-fascist" period of German literature came to an end, and that men like Johnson were ushering in a new epoch of "humanism."

Despite Kesten's well-intentioned compliment, Johnson bluntly rejected the notion. "I don't see that the wall should have given us a literary date," he told the Milan audience. "It is simply an event, an

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actual event." As a writer he refused to attach specific moral values to historical events. "It is not the mission of literature to heap reproaches on history. Its function is to tell a story."

In the superheated atmosphere of the discussion, Kesten misinterpreted Johnson's impromptu remarks and misreported them to the German press. Garbled stories to the effect that Johnson had tried to justify Ulbricht's action as "moral and reasonable" blossomed out on the front pages. Shortly afterward, former Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, now leader of the Christian Democrats in the Bundestag, rose in that assembly to censure the young novelist for "disavowing our policies" and to demand that his government writer's stipend be withdrawn. "Literature is rarely brought into the Bonn parliament," commented August Hohler in the Zurich *Tageszeitung* when the tragicomedy of errors was cleared up, "but when it does appear it has a hard time getting out unscathed."

THE PUBLICITY boosted the sales of Johnson's book, but the whole incident has not improved the "homeless" authors' sense of belonging or increased their confidence in Bonn. Taken as a group, they are a wary lot. German history is partly to blame for their confusion on the present issue—to write or not to write, to accuse or ignore, to shout or be silent. In a nation where art has customarily bowed to authority, there are few precedents for modern authors to follow. Under the censorship of kings and kaisers, candor was a luxury that only exiles like Heinrich Heine could afford. Even in the days of the Weimar Republic, when presumably no holds were barred, Schnitzler's *Reigen* was put on trial —acquitted, yes, but only after the early Nazis had enjoyed their day in court. The postwar generation, even politicians admit, is making the most of its new freedom to criticize. There is a blessed diversity to all this writing on the wall. And if they are not of one mind about the best way to solve the problem—concerted action or individual effort—dissent and difference of opinion is surely part of the moral force which, all agree, is necessary to break down the wall.

Dick King

In memory of a family friend, a laborer in the Great Southern Railway Works, Dublin

In your ghost, Dick King, in your phantom vowels I read
That death roves our memories igniting
Love. Kind plague, low voice in a stubbled throat,
You haunt with the taint of age and of vanished good,
Fouling my thought with losses.

Clearly now I remember rain on the cobbles,
Ripples in the iron trough, and the horses' dipped
Faces under the Fountain in James's Street,
When I sheltered my nine years against your buttons
And your own dread years were to come;

And your voice, in a pause of softness, named the dead,
Hushed as though the city had died by fire,
Bemused . . . discovering, discovering
A gate to enter temperate ghosthood by;
And I squeezed your fingers till you found again
My hand hidden in yours.

I squeeze your fingers.

. . . .

Dick King was an upright man.
Sixty years he trod
The dull stations underfoot.
Fifteen he lies with God.

By the salt seaboard he grew up
But left its rock and rain
To bring a dying language east
And dwell in Basin Lane.

By the Southern Railway he increased:
His second soul was born
In the clangor of the iron sheds,
The hush of the late horn.

An invalid he took to wife.
She prayed her life away;
Her whisper filled the whitewashed yard
Until her dying day.

And season in, season out,
He made his wintry bed.
He took the path to the turnstile
Morning and night till he was dead.

He clasped his hands in a union ward
To hear St. James's bell.
I searched his eyes though I was young,
The last to wish him well.

—THOMAS KINSELLA

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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

IT MAY BE ASKING too much, but it would be a nice change if the hero of a musical were neither a slob nor a heel. Professor Higgins, of course, was neither slob nor hero, and King Arthur was a fine fellow, if rather remote. But this year we have had a succession of male principals who could by no stretch of the imagination be called admirable. Robert Morse managed to make his jerk in *How to Succeed* a winsome character. But now comes Harry Bogen in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale,* who is quite repulsive, and David Jordan in *No Strings,* who is not only a weak slob but (though they say he won the Pulitzer Prize) a palpably lousy writer. This is all the more remarkable because ever since Curly in *Oklahoma!* (*Carousel* excepted), Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein have given us a succession of wholesome heroes or appealing types.

The book of *No Strings* was written by Samuel Taylor, and—for reasons that escape me—since he is sophisticated, sensitive, and ingenious—it is a listless and unconvincing tale about an American expatriate writer and "Europe bum" and a glamorous Negro fashion model who awakens his true love and restores a highly dubious talent. The only times when *No Strings* leaves the ground are on the wings of Rodgers' melodies, and I have come to think that this master of song and simplicity should have written the story himself. The first five minutes of the musical, when Richard Kiley and the lovely Diahann Carroll are virtually alone on the stage singing the blissful strains of "The Sweetest Sounds" to the strolling accompaniment of a flutist, an oboist, and a clarinetist, lift the heart. So, later on, do those other lovely duets, "Nobody Told Me," "Look No Further," and "Maine." In between are wastes of dull and sometimes tasteless dialogue, a horde of ratty people (except for a *Vogue* editor superbly played by Polly Rowles), and some of the worst costumes ever designed to destroy a chorus line. The only one to escape, by dint of sensational legs in black silk tights and a tousled sex-kitten head mercifully free from the monstrous hats burdening her sisters, was Noëlle Adam as a photographer's assistant.

Rodgers' new device of lifting the musicians out of the pit and making them part of the stage certainly adds novelty and sometimes real pleasure. But no device, however imaginative, can give substance to something that lacks it, or art to what is basically artifice.

For those who want to be reminded once again of the particular magic that has made Richard Rodgers a master of American popular music, I would commend the album of *No Strings.* Some may

think—many already have said—that his lyrics are oversimple, but any singer will tell you how they lift the voice, sustain the breath, and expand the heart.

WE COME NOW to the paradox that something poor was made out of material that could have been good—for in *No Strings* the elements were there—while in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* something good was made out of unpromising and shoddy material. Who, you might say, wants to hear again of the ruthless rise of a brash young heel in the dress trade? Who wants another sentimental Jewish Momma, another faithful Bronx sweetheart, another blonde night-club tootsie, another Bar Mitzvah? And who, for an evening's pleasure, wants more talk of money?

Well, you may not want it but you end up taking it. You can't help yourself. Jerome Weidman has made a good, hard book out of his novel, Harold Rome's music and lyrics are bursting with vitality, and Herbert Ross has injected the whole cast with a sense of pace and reality that never lets down for a minute. I'm not saying that you'll clasp Elliott Gould as the loathsome Harry to your bosom, but you can't help liking Lillian Roth as Momma, you enjoy Harry's partners, you ogle Sheree North, you weep a little at the Bar Mitzvah, and you split your sides at a very funny girl named Barbra [*sic*] Streisand who plays a very funny secretary called Miss Marmelstein.

Maybe *you* don't; but I did.

THERE ARE TWO PLAYS, at opposite poles of theater, that I find it hard to write about. Both of them have been well received by the critics and both of them have troubled me considerably.

The first is *A Gift of Time,* a play by Garson Kanin based on Lael Wertenbaker's book *Death of a Man.* Published two years ago, it told of the last months in the life of her husband, Charles Wertenbaker, author and journalist, who chose to endure the agonies of inoperable cancer in the company of his much-loved wife and children rather than as a hopeless invalid in the sedative isolation of a hospital. When his pain finally became unendurable, his wife helped him to commit suicide.

The essence of the book, as in the play, is not death so much as the courage to face it, not pain so much as the love it intensifies. All this comes through the script and through the acting. Kanin, Henry Fonda, and Olivia de Havilland approach their difficult task with profound understanding and admirable restraint.

Yet I could not feel at the end of the play, as I could not at the end of the book, that this agony of exposure was justified. *A Gift of Time* is often moving—it cannot help but

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be—but it never gives back to you what it takes out of you. And it raises serious questions that it sedulously avoids answering.

The corpse in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* is supposed to be funny, and so are a son-devouring mother, a trapped youth, a fly-devouring plant, a flesh-eating fish, a nymphomaniac baby sitter, and a wealth of other oddities, vegetable, mineral, and animal, that make the stage of the Phoenix Theatre a cross between a fun fair, a chamber of horrors, and the dream of a deviate.

There is no doubt that Arthur Kopit knows how to draw attention with wicked effects, a devilish fertility, and the kind of fluent incongruity that cannot help (like the monkeys and the typewriters) being intermittently funny. Sick-funny; the kind of thing that makes you laugh out of the side of your mouth. Kopit certainly has something, but I won't know what it is until he writes a play without benefit of animate props and Jerome Robbins' inspired staging. «»

Notes of an Itinerant Operagoer

ROLAND GELATT

ROME

"DON'T EXPECT MUCH from the opera here," I was warned on my arrival in Rome. "Everything is terribly mediocre—no match for La Scala, not even as interesting as Palermo." My informant, a veteran American expatriate, confirmed what I had heard elsewhere: that opera was really the last thing one should see in Rome. So I went to *Andrea Chénier* at the Teatro dell'Opera with misgivings and—as often happens when something is sufficiently downgraded in advance—found it all far better than advertised.

To ears inured to the routine conducting and dreary orchestral playing prevalent these days at the Metropolitan Opera, the sounds coming from the pit that evening seemed positively celestial. The attacks were precise, the tone mellifluous, the verve and enthusiasm unmistakable. Oliviero de Fabritiis conducted. Record collectors with long memories will remember him as the conductor of several prewar opera recordings featuring the tenor Beniamino Gigli. De Fabritiis is now, I should judge, in his mid-sixties. It is odd that he should have remained in Rome relatively uncelebrated all this time. His ability to maintain tension and an unsagging line throughout a performance is rare today.

The sets for *Chénier* were splendidly "square." There was no attempt at anything arty or experimental or suggestive—just meticulously executed representations of pre-Haussmann Paris, with its tangled streets and quaint rookeries. The choristers and supernumeraries sustained the illusion of detailed verisimilitude. Everyone on stage had a small role to mime even in the most crowded scenes; if one's eye wandered away momentarily from the principal singers, there was usually something to see other than a horde of ciphers waiting vacantly for the next cue. The principals themselves were Antonietta Stella, Mario del Monaco, and Giangiacomo Guelfi, a baritone who deserves to be better known. They sang with great brio and conviction, del Monaco with rather more suavity than one has come to expect from him; Stella, alas, with rather more vocal insecurity (particularly in the middle range) than one has come to expect from her. Through it all the capacity audience was vociferously enthusiastic. Cries of *"Bis!"* ricocheted through the house after each aria, and the general tumult added to the excitement of a splendid evening—though my expatriate companion insisted to the last that this *Chénier*, like the soggy weather outside, was most unusual for Rome.

THE Teatro dell'Opera ran truer to advertised form later in the week when the final performance was given of a strangely assembled double bill—Pizzetti's *Ifigenia* and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the one cold and neo-classic in spirit, the other feverish and ultra-*verismo*. Ildebrando Pizzetti at eighty-two is undoubtedly Italy's most eminent living opera composer, though in the present state of the art it is perhaps a question of the one-eyed being king in the land of the blind. Italian opera houses are rightfully expected to make gestures in the direction of contemporary art, but most of what they produce in this line at present is not for export. *Ifigenia*, a work commissioned by Radio Italiana and first performed a dozen years ago, makes some effective points—the heroine's long farewell (Italian composers have always been adept at saying *addio*), the stark serenity of the final chorus—but the piece as a whole has about it the chill air of dutiful proficiency. So did the performance. This time the orchestra, conducted by Fernando Previtali, more nearly approximated its lackluster reputation, and the principals (Floriana Cavalli, Fedora Barbieri, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni) never rose above the level of flavorless competence. As for the *Cavalleria*, with Gigliola Frazzoni as Santuzza and Daniele Barioni as Turiddu,

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the less said the better. It was provincial in every respect.

It speaks well for Roman taste in these matters that the gallery was almost empty, the orchestra and boxes far from full. Indeed, were it not for the American and British tourists, *Ifigenia-Cavalleria* would have played that night to a discouragingly small house. There are cries of "Programs in English!" at the entrance, and at intermission time one hears almost as much English as Italian spoken in the foyers.

The house itself combines nineteenth-century opulence and mid-twentieth-century comfort, an agreeable mixture. In the modern front portion are the amenities ancillary to a pleasant evening at the opera: ample coat-checking facilities, spacious foyers, a gleaming, efficiently operated bar with no tipping allowed. The interior of the house dates back to 1880 and has the décor appropriate to that epoch—red plush seats, boxes lined with gold-and-red velvet, a frescoed dome, and a huge chandelier. For a few seconds before the lights are completely dimmed, the boxes and the blue dome alone remain illuminated—a magical effect.

PARIS

THE Opéra's new production of *Carmen* was first given in November, 1959. One might have expected some dulling of its sheen, some dissipation of its momentum by the 102nd performance in March, 1962; but if any freshness has been lost, it was not apparent to one seeing the show for the first time. *Carmen* at the Opéra is an absorbing spectacle and a breathtakingly handsome production (the sets and costumes of Lila de Nobili might have come directly from the studio of Manet). The atmosphere is dry and hot and dusty. Old ladies wander about wearing dirty shawls and old men sit hunched under crumpled sombreros in the shadow of a wall; top-hatted gentlemen take the air accompanied by their women draped in costly mantillas; a slothful teenager stares sleepily at the audience from a balcony; vendors pass to and fro—one of them leading a donkey laden with large earthenware jugs, another driving a horse-drawn cart, a third with a monkey in tow (the Opéra's *Carmen* surely holds a record for assorted livestock). In the midst of all this activity and inactivity the action of the opera begins to unfold, and it is immediately apparent that the affairs of Micaela and Don José and Carmen are to be kept in proper proportion to the larger drama of day-to-day life in Seville. No one pays them excessive heed; the dramatis personae are merely participants in the busy commerce of a city.

This conception, at once imaginative and thoroughly realistic, is carried off with dazzling style, not only in the design of sets and costumes and in the over-all stage direction but also in the acting of the principals, who play their parts with superb assurance and convincing spontaneity. But eventually, when dealing with opera, one must come to music—and here enthusiasm vanishes. At the performance I saw (and it was typical, I was told) the conducting was anemic, the orchestral execution slipshod, the singing—with one exception—barely tolerable. Adriana Maliponte, the Micaela, would have seemed outstanding in any opera house, and it was significant that her warm, vibrant rendition of the third-act aria received more applause than anything else. But Paul Finel, the Don José, was the very quintessence of a nasal, strident French tenor, and Elise Kahn, the Carmen, was infinitely more seductive in looks and gesture than in voice. *Carmen* at the Opéra is to see rather than hear.

Lakmé at the Opéra-Comique (now officially known as the Salle Favart) was not even to see. To be sure, the singers—notably the veteran Jean Borthayre as Nilikantha—were more accomplished than those in *Carmen,* but they seemed to be doing a job rather than giving a performance, and the atmosphere was drab and depressing. An abundance of empty seats indicated that Parisians were of a like opinion. Of course, it may well be impossible at this late date to breathe any life into Delibes' faded opera about the ever-so-willing Hindu priestess and the ever-so-eager British officer. I should have preferred to hear the Comique troupe in something more stimulating—Strauss's *Capriccio,* for example, or Dallapiccola's *Vol de Nuit,* which are being given this season as part of a new Friday-evening series devoted to contemporary works in a reasonably accessible idiom. Certainly, the Salle Favart itself is a delight—a small, comfortable house, far more companionable than the immense, glacially marbled Opéra—and it deserves better than to be treated as a poor relation, which apparently is its present status. Bit by bit the Comique's formerly exclusive repertoire is being transferred to the larger house: first, *Carmen;* this year, for the Debussy centennial, *Pelléas;* soon, it is rumored, *Manon.* For a time there was talk of closing down the Salle Favart altogether. It has won a reprieve, but its morale would seem to leave something to be desired.

LONDON

IN 1946 the directors of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, embarked on the formation of a resident repertory company composed principally of British and Commonwealth singers. Since then two Covent Garden discoveries, the Australian soprano Joan Sutherland and the Canadian tenor Jon Vickers, have been accorded highest international honors, and their eminence has served considerably to enhance the Theatre Royal's standing in the hierarchy of opera houses. By good fortune both singers were on view during my few days in London, Vickers in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera,* Sutherland in Handel's *Alcina.*

The *Ballo* was of superior repertory quality—well worth the price of admission (less than five dollars for the best seat in the house) if not the most exultant hosannas: a dependable performance, occasionally lifted above routine by the work of Vickers, who seemed rather more at ease—and less given to choppy, explosive phrasing—in the relatively intimate Covent Garden than he was earlier this season at the Metropolitan. *Alcina* two nights later may not have quite merited its price of admission (the tariff was doubled), but it certainly offered a more engrossing evening in the theater. The sets and costumes came from the atelier of Italy's celebrated Franco Zeffirelli, who has gone on the questionable assumption that "the tangled plots [of Handelian *opera seria*], the scanty and improbable action

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hurried through in recitative, then frozen into immobility for aria after aria" can no longer be stomached by an audience accustomed to the vigorous likes of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. His way around the difficulty has been to frame *Alcina* within its eighteenth-century milieu.

The curtain rises to reveal a palatial rococo ballroom. Long rows of columns at either side converge toward the rear in exaggerated perspective; the ceiling is supported by ornate beams; crystal and marble abound everywhere. The effect is of a Bibiena engraving brought to life. Guests in courtly attire throng both sides of the ballroom, and in the center there is a revolving platform with three "scenes" (to indicate Alcina's throne, a grotto, and a forest) from which the principal singers make their entrances and exits. It is Zeffirelli's intent to have us believe that we are eavesdropping on a performance of *Alcina* produced not for us moderns in the opera house but for the bewigged guests on stage, who obligingly dance between episodes in the opera and join in a few simple choruses.

Of course we believe nothing of the kind, and the effect of the opera-within-an-opera gambit is simply to make the dramatic absurdities of *Alcina* seem even more artificial and remote. But the score is a marvel (London Records will soon be issuing a complete recording) and the level of singing beyond compare. Because Joan Sutherland had been receiving poorish notices in the London press, she may have been making a special effort on this occasion to captivate her audience. At any rate, I have never heard her sing so well. Her usual mannerisms—the "covered" production, the unrelieved *melancolia*—were gratifyingly absent, and her usual static stage presence seemed not at all in conflict with Handel's stately music. For once the tumultuous ovations for this singer struck me as entirely justified. Margreta Elkins in the *castrato* role of Ruggiero and Monica Sinclair as the determined Bradamante were worthy partners; Bryan Balkwill secured lithe and spirited playing from the orchestra; and the dancing was first-rate. Opera at Covent Garden can still be grand indeed.

BOOKS

A Mixed Blessing

ROBERT BINGHAM

THE DREAMS OF REASON, by René Dubos. *Columbia. $5.*

C. P. Snow's stock seems to have fallen as rapidly as it rose. With science as with most things that are hard to understand, we are constantly on the lookout for wisemen; and if we think we have spotted one, he is sure to be catapulted, ready or not, into all the most serious TV discussion programs, into those sections of popular magazines reserved for controversy and deep thought, into lectureships endowed to bring mature and disciplined minds to ancient universities.

What Sir Charles has had to say is not particularly hard to understand: he reports that while most of the scientists he knows could tell you how *Hamlet* comes out, most of the humanists he knows would laugh at you if you asked them to explain the binomial theorem, and he concludes his analysis of what he calls the Two Cultures by suggesting that the humanists had better learn to get along with science because that's the direction everything's moving in these days.

But the market for wisdom is a fickle one, and many of those who professed great admiration for Snow before they knew much about him are now chortling to learn that a famous literary critic has classified him as "an intellectual nullity." After the overestimation, naturally, comes the underestimation: the man was, after all, a distinguished administrator of government scientific programs and a much better than average novelist before he had the misfortune to let himself be cast in the role of wiseman. But competent witnesses have come forward to testify that Sir Charles himself seems to have gotten some recent events in scientific history rather muddled up, and the literary critic, F. R. Leavis, has argued, perhaps somewhat irrelevantly, that whatever Snow may know about Shakespeare, he doesn't know beans about D. H. Lawrence.

So much at any rate for the two cultures, which seem further apart than ever now that the reputation of the man who modestly offered himself as a bridge between them has been called into question.

But after the Snows have melted and the Leavises have fallen, we are still left with the perplexing questions that the more or less silly recent debate did so little to resolve. What is science and what is it doing to us? One of the most incisive comments that have been made recently on this old but increasingly urgent problem is also, incidentally, by far the most telling refutation of Snow's particular brand of scientific utopianism, the essential naïveté of which cannot be concealed by a graceful touch here and there of literary irony or a spooky prediction about the big bombs.

René Dubos makes his living as a scientist—he is a professor at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research—and perhaps that's why he is a good deal more skeptical than Snow about the power of the new god, when appropriately worshiped, to unlock the secrets of the universe and lead mankind toward a heaven on earth. In the only reference to Snow that appears in his latest book, Dr. Dubos states his disagreement with the "two cultures" theory and goes on to say, "There are a multiplicity of intellectual occupations, each of which fortunately has several points of contact with human life." It is that phenomenon of human life with which all of the specialists must ultimately be concerned, of course. And despite the scientists' success at what Kenneth E. Boulding has called "the process of substituting unimportant questions which can be answered for important questions which cannot," Dr. Dubos feels that

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science has been at best a mixed blessing for mankind in the past three and a half centuries of its astonishing efflorescence.

"Today, as every day," he begins his second chapter, "I have heard of ugly congested cities with polluted atmosphere; of planes loaded with youths colliding in mid-air; of overpopulated continents and starving populations; of mechanized, regimented, and dehumanized life; of brainwashing and nuclear warfare. As a member of the scientific community, I am awed by the thought that these social nightmares are to a large extent the products of industrial civilization—born out of science." The discovery that seems eminently useful to more or less large numbers of individuals often turns out to provide no very lasting happiness for those same individuals, and in some cases it turns out to be a serious threat to the race as a whole.

In an earlier book called *The Mirage of Health* (Harper, 1959), Dr. Dubos, whose rather heavier works on virology are known to most medical students, set forth in no uncertain terms his views on the fund-raising faith that if we will only sacrifice a few more million dollars on the altar of research to bring forth a few more wonder drugs, we'll all live happily ever after. And in the present volume he returns to the "ethical difficulties [that] are bound to become larger as the physician becomes better able to prolong biological life in individuals who cannot derive either profit or pleasure from existence and whose survival creates painful burdens for the community." The situation was cogently summed up in a bit of doggerel quoted in this book:

Science finds out ingenious ways to kill
Strong men, and keep alive the weak and ill—
That these a sickly progeny may breed,
Too poor to tax, too numerous to feed.

Although the development of antibiotics, to which Dr. Dubos himself has made a considerable contribution, may have postponed death for many, the staphylococcus epidemics thus promoted in our hospitals demonstrate again that the one thing sure about medicine, modern or otherwise, is that each civilization creates its own diseases. Moreover, Dr. Dubos notes that "While the world population increased by eight per cent during the past ten years, food production increased by only five per cent, and in consequence more people go hungry than did a decade ago. It is to be feared that food deficiencies will in the long run cause more physiological misery and suffering than have been prevented by the partial control of infection." Although Dr. Dubos, among whose degrees is the rare honorary M.D., readily concedes that the humane physician must certainly use all means at his disposal to alleviate pain and prolong the life of a patient, he would argue that a society —or culture, if you prefer—that concentrates its medical research on one all-out campaign after another to stamp out individual diseases in the fond hope that eventually they

can all be eliminated seems to have an imperfect understanding of what constitutes either disease or health.

As with medical research, so with the other intellectual occupations that go by the name of science. Pills, rockets, bombs, a way to make a grown man talk like a baby when an electric current is turned on in a certain ganglion of the brain—nearly any product or method can be developed with sufficient time, money, and effort. But by and large in the centuries since Bacon summoned a new race of natural philosophers to transform society, how often have the wonders thus wrought served man's basic needs, how often merely his momentary appetites and illusions?

Defining science as a technique for solving problems rather than as something so grand as a culture, Dr. Dubos is far from convinced that the technique has always been used on the right problems. Most of his illustrations are taken from the so-called life sciences, but his words were originally written in the form of lectures at the Brookhaven National Laboratory addressed to those at work in the physical sciences.

Part of the difficulty proceeds, as we have seen, from the scientist's tendency to work whatever miracle the laity, in its wisdom or folly, may be praying for at a given moment. But even more fundamental is the assumption shared by nearly everyone these days that the Truth about our universe and even ourselves is writ indelibly in matter and is just waiting there to be discovered. Whether research is called pure or applied, the scientific method is piously narrow-minded in its concentration on the observable, recordable fact that proceeds from another similarly limited phenomenon. H. L. Mencken, who once described a scientist as "not the liberator releasing the slaves, the good Samaritan lifting up the fallen, but a dog sniffing tremendously at an infinite series of rat holes," probably couldn't tell the binomial theorem from third base. But Alfred North Whitehead, who could, was surely expressing the same idea—and a good deal more besides, to be sure—when he posited "The Fallacy of Misplaced Concreteness" in modern science. "In other words," Whitehead wrote, "the order of nature cannot be justified by the mere observation of nature. For there is nothing in the present fact which inherently refers either to the past or to the future."

Some kinds of realism conflict with reality. In modern biology, for example, it has been very useful to follow Descartes in the hypothesis that a living organism is to be understood in terms of what it is made out of and how it acts, but Dr. Dubos points out that the greatest biological generalizations—notably Darwin's—have not been reached by this analytical method. It is interesting and worthwhile to know about the self-replication of nucleic acid and protein molecules, and, as Dr. Dubos points out, "The desire to fit the phenomena of life into the simple pattern of the known laws of inanimate matter is attractive and economical of thought. . . ." What it all comes down to, though, is that the technicians who study the body as if it were a machine may confidently expect to be able to answer all the

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 54

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
94 166 34
The play from which we derive the name for a mechanical man.

B
52 149 28 118 202 46
To stigmatize as irregular or illegitimate.

C
26 42 110 144 128 224 134
"My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee; Still to my _____ turns with ceaseless pain." Goldsmith, "The Traveller."

D
4 60 198 20 184 214 106 54 77 200 158 175
Unusually vivid mental recall (7,5).

E
178 18 58 122 171 212 51 114
Jocose ridicule.

F
104 2 180 82 194 147 32 8
"____ gai, archy, ____ gai." (same word twice) Don Marquis, "archy's life of mehitabel."

G
89 116 55 38 92 174 44
Christian name of Fra Lippo Lippi.

H
204 14
The genius or double supposed to reside in a man or a statue (Egyptian religion).

I
130 222 124 6 12 112 168 137 68
A stripteaser (word coined by H.L. Mencken).

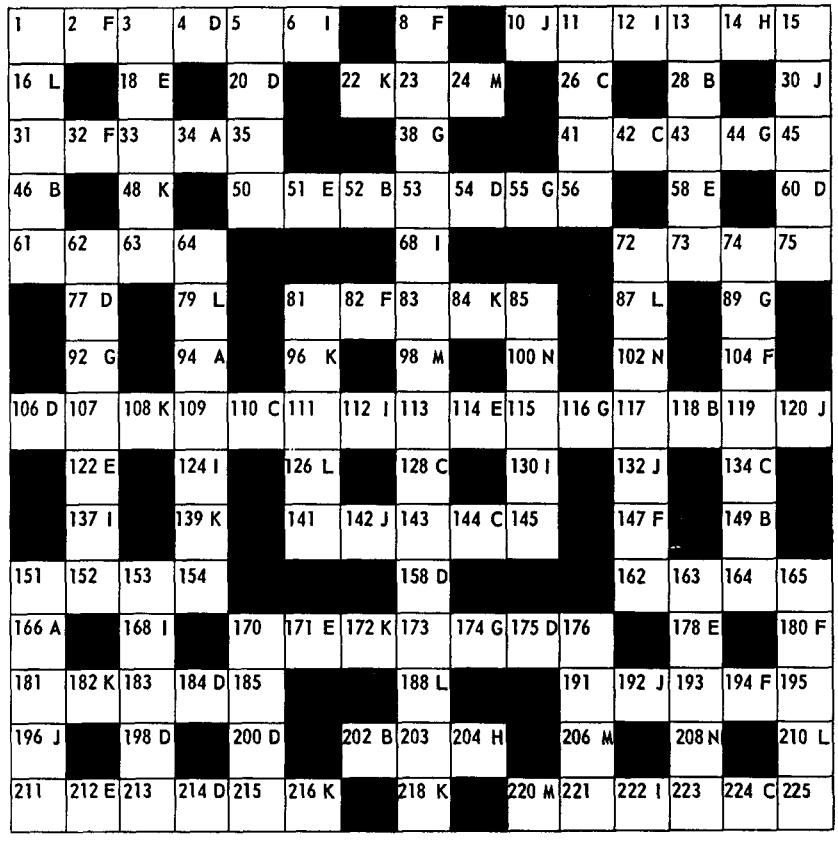
J
192 132 142 10 196 30 120
Pertaining to a vascular tumor (var. sp.).

K
216 172 84 108 22 96 182 139 48 218
A large cemetery.

L
210 79 16 126 87 188
Mother of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon.

M
98 206 24 220
A gazelle of the Sudan.

N
100 208 102
An island group in the Carolines.



ACROSS

1. My code may be something dramatic when it's reformed.
10. Does he do well as Slav or lackey?
22. The Shiloh meeting house shelters a resistance unit.
31. A French command in the word repeated.
41. It makes a clean sweep when it goes boom or bust.
50. The profligate loses his gun and takes a side view.
61. The watch is laid.
72. See 106 across.
81. In France I am backward and so on, so toss me out.
106. With 72 across, proverb about inquisitiveness nine times fatal? (9, 6, 1, 3).
141. Joins or joints, I hear.
151. Depends on pure lye.
162. Minute particles together in a bunch lead us to drink.
170. A tie that binds the forgotten end.
181. Without His Majesty, a resting place for a foot.
191. A vegetable? No, no, I say!
202. A floating menagerie in the darkness.
211. Let the singer yield.
220. But the Ibsen translator wasn't Bowman.

DOWN

1. Give the mob a word and a hundred more for good measure.
3. A maid in the tarweeds.
5. Bedroom for brave hearts who go off this end?
8. She feasted right after she changed. (7, 3, 5)
11. But this babe's a churchman!
13. A cot is a proper place for such a philosopher.
15. An extremity which is empty, we hear, with 52.
62. A plume is a motive to action.
64. Why drill you? It shows awfully vividly, if we do.
72. One of 153 down takes pap while thousands cheer.
74. One who follows present company may be disguised as a fat user (5, 2).
81. Downs salts.
85. Children may inhabit part of pretty Keswick.
151. Either drum or trumpet holds what may be bruited about.
153. Praises for the archbishops.
163. A Biblical cuckold is found all of a heap, we hear.
165. The rent you pay on an FM instrument.
170. This former dance you can put in your pipe and smoke.
176. A terrorist, not sad in France, can give voice to this.

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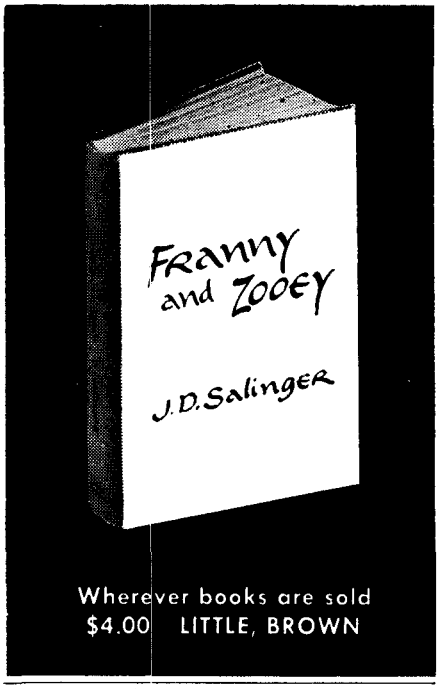

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questions about their subject except the important ones. What are these? According to Dr. Dubos, "... the final questions of science as of philosophy are not about matter and energy, but about the nature of life in a universe where lifelessness is the rule, life the puzzling exception."

DR. DUBOS writes not as the representative of a scientific culture out to show that he is also able to hold his own in literature and philosophy with the best of them, not as a versatile specialist trying to serve as a bridge between two cultures, but as one who cherishes and would extend in all ways the precious but pitifully small store of real understanding built up over the past few millennia by that strange creature we are pleased to call *Homo sapiens.*

June, 1944

ROBERT P. KNAPP, Jr.

NIGHT DROP, THE AMERICAN AIRBORNE INVASION OF NORMANDY, by S. L. A. Marshall. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.*

This latest work of America's foremost chronicler of men in combat is not formal military history, perhaps not even history at all. It is a report, made up from eyewitness accounts of the hundreds of man-to-man, squad-to-squad struggles that began with the American airborne assault on Normandy on June 6, 1944, and continued through the few but endless days and nights until the job was done.

Night Drop is formless and undefined, an abstract tapestry of crimson splashes and yellow bursts of flame on the green *bocage* of Normandy. Yet like that earlier tapestry of an earlier Norman invasion, *Night Drop* is painstaking in its careful detailing of each deed and death, each triumph and disaster, each blunder and each master stroke. It is episodic and disconnected, just as the battle until almost its end was an uncoordinated series of small, fierce, and bloody encounters. Quickly the reader loses all sense of time and place, just as do those who drop down out of the night from misdirected aircraft into unmapped swamps or the clutching branches of tall trees.

As scene follows scene, we begin to ask how such an account could have been compiled. We would do well to read the epilogue first. It gives part of the answer: Marshall, who was not there, interviewed hundreds of men who were. That is only one part of getting the story of what he terms "the person-by-person ordeal in battle." The greater part of the task in writing a book like this lies in the author's mind, and no writer can more vividly describe and plot the immutable premise of land warfare, the terrain of the battlefield, than S. L. A. Marshall. None can capture more accurately or kinetically the movement of individuals and groups on that terrain, or their frozen immobility under overwhelming fire or impending peril. But the skill in which Marshall is pre-eminent springs from the empathy and insight that enable him to re-create the senses and emotions of the soldier.

We actually feel the pent-up flood of released fatigue that fells the parachutists like morphine when they touch the hard ground of Normandy after days and nights of keyed-up readiness for the drop. Later we crouch with them behind hedgerows, taut and alert, frightened and tense, waiting to be jumped by a squad, a platoon, perhaps a battalion of Germans. Then when the enemy appears—appears as destructible fallible men—we experience the slackening of tension, the optimistic fatalism, in the final quiet moments before the mortars, the rifles, the machine guns and machine pistols make their unappealable judgments.

This is a fascinating, gripping account of men experiencing the most intensely concentrated strain that any man can experience. Yet it is not for the reader of "action" thrillers that dwell on bloodshot eyes, sweaty palms, and bulging muscles. Marshall is concerned not only with the dirty, indescribably tired G.I. on the firing line but also with his equally dirty and often more tired superiors all the way up to commanding generals. Ridgway, Taylor, McAuliffe, and Gavin all appear, at times no farther from the enemy than the throw of a hand grenade.

Night Drop records with the same

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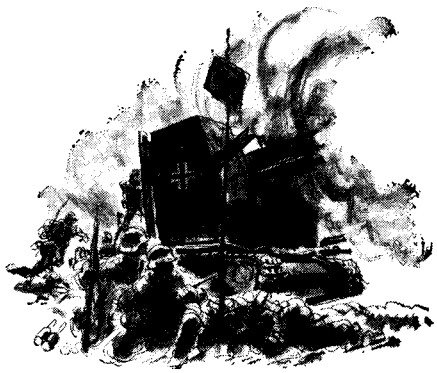
impartial pen our triumphs and our debacles, our heroes and our cowards, though it proudly names the heroes and compassionately leaves the others nameless. Here indeed is further proof of the author's insight. One doubts that cowards ride slow unarmed airplanes and gliders through the night to land one by one on unknowable enemy-held soil. When some flee, disappear, or refuse to move forward, Marshall records the fact but does not call them cowards. The brave and the less brave all knew fear. There are few who can infallibly say whether under heavy fire and increasing isolation they would move forward, stay put, or prudently seek a better position behind them.

This is a book for those who feel pride in the brave deeds of fellow Americans, and who do not feel that such deeds are tarnished by the brutal and repugnant context of war. The chronic decriers of our youth who deplore the twist and rock 'n' roll might reflect that those who dropped on Normandy and those whose flaming aircraft never made it grew to untimely manhood through the equally irrelevant obsessions of the 1930's. This is one point that Marshall makes and makes well for the present and the future.

Those who forebode in the private shelters of their minds an Armageddon staged by invincible Russian might could also take heart from *Night Drop*. The German armies our paratroops faced in Normandy had sustained no decisive or crippling defeat in the West. Overwhelming allied arms had driven them from Africa only to be brought to a standoff in central Italy. The Nazis who met our airdrop in Normandy were ably led, battle-trained veterans commanded by the fearsome Erwin Rommel. Yet the disorganization and disintegration of the German defensive forces was a striking feature of our airborne assault. As often as not, it appears, our units were dropped in scattered bunches or as individuals far from their intended drop zones. Many more were cut down as they fell into fire-swept zones. Units failed to link up; artillery and armor did not materialize as planned. However, as our forces consolidated and established lines of communication and command, held where they were outnumbered, and advanced wherever they could, a progressive paralysis, confusion, and uncertainty seized the Germans. This is a part of the Big Picture, though—the product of the individual actions about which Marshall writes, not the "person-by-person ordeal" he calls the "Big Story."

Whether or not General Marshall's opinion represents an appraisal of the relative values of the usual operational histories and the more personal accounts of combat, there can be no doubt that he has developed in his works an invaluable analysis of how men fight, and by inference why. In a small sense, perhaps, it can be said that he has rediscovered an ancient art, but it would not be fair to say that any



previous writer has ever attempted both the scope and the depth that Marshall attains. Thucydides and Xenophon show us the mass as well as the leaders, but the mass is treated in most instances as a mass. In the final analysis it was the mercurial Athenian citizenry and soldiery that humbled Athens in the Peloponnesian War and a strain of steadfast indomitability that made the *Anabasis*. But one rarely sees the Greek soldier as an individual.

To find a parallel to Marshall, one must turn to the novelists, Crane and Hemingway for example, but the parallel is not a true one. The novelist is concerned with a few whole individuals and the effect of battle upon them. The novelist's technique is necessarily eclectic; he cannot digress from his theme to explore his protagonist's effect on

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each of his comrades, who must be gray background figures in the main. More importantly from the standpoint of military history, the novelist cannot digress further and study the interaction of each soldier on the other and then follow the spreading ripples beyond to the successive echelons of command and then examine the reactions of those at each level as they are reflected back again to the front line.

Just this is what Marshall has set out to do and has succeeded in doing in *Night Drop*. Perhaps he is not entirely alone in his field, but surely his latest work is a unique and masterful achievement.

December, 1915

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

IN PARENTHESIS, by David Jones. *Chilmark Press. $5.75.*

At the age of twenty David Jones fought with the Welsh Fusiliers, "mostly Londoners with an admixture of Welshmen," from December, 1915, to July, 1916, when he was wounded in the Battle of the Somme. He started *In Parenthesis* in 1928, after conversion to Catholicism, and in 1937 published in England this extraordinary meditation on trench warfare, this account, this novel, this poem, this crowded and precisely ordered frieze or mural, this many-choired orchestration of echoes from the islands' remote past—Druidic, Roman, Arthurian—with tunes from London music halls, gongs banging for the gas alert, the clatter of rapid fire in the present of those dreadful years now, too, remote.

The poetic density of this book is so immediately perceptible that it is almost a surprise to see that it is not written in verse or in free verse, and that no tricks of internal rhyme disturb the severe cadences of its prose. "I frequently rely," the author says in a preface, "on a pause at the end of a line to aid the sense and form. A new line, which the typography would not otherwise demand, is used to indicate some change, inflection, or emphasis. I have tried to indicate the sound of certain sentences by giving a bare hint of who is speak-

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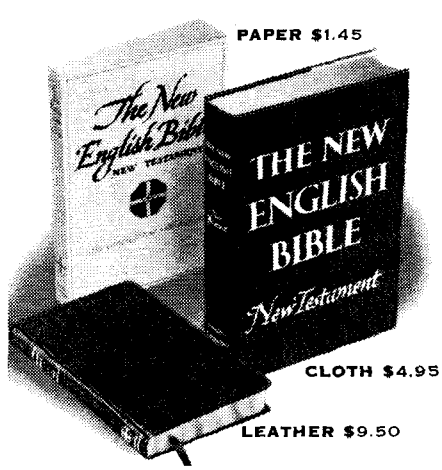

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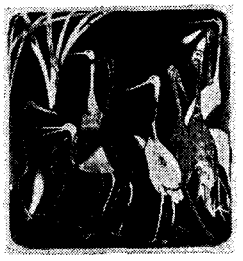

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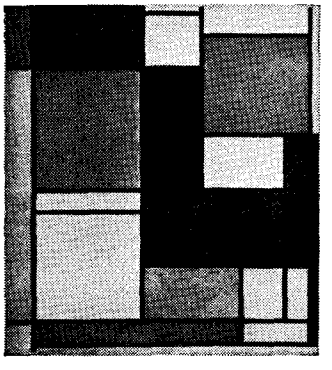

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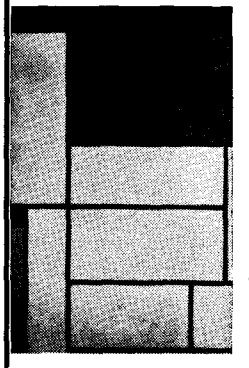

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ing . . ." The author has provided additional "bare hints" as to who is speaking about what in thirty-four pages of notes.

A sampling may be useful. The men are leaving their barracks to march to an English embarkation port:

"So they came outside the camp. The liturgy of a regiment departing has been sung. Empty wet parade ground. A camp-warden, some unfit men and other details loiter, dribble away, shuffle off like men whose ship has sailed.

"The long hutment lines stand. Not a soul. It rains harder: torn felt lifts to the window above Hut 10, Headquarters Company; urinal concrete echoes for a solitary whistler. Corrugated iron empty—no one. Chill gust slams the vacant canteen door."

Then, with no introduction, but the hint is there:

"Horses' tails are rather good—and the way this one springs from her groomed flanks.

"He turns slightly in his saddle.

"You may march at ease.

"No one said march easy. Private Ball, you're bleedin' quick at some things ain't yer.

"The Squire from the Rout of San Romano smokes Melachrino No. 9.

"The men may march easy and smoke, Sergeant Snell."

The men embark, progress through the French countryside to the lines. They lose their way in the intricate topography of the communication trenches: "Yes—who are you—get your men into cover while they're halted. He flashed his torch on the other's uniform; which near brightness made them hug in closer, their apprentice-wisdom shocked. . . ." They wait, late afternoon, in the lee of a hill before entering the advance trenches for an attack. "Very soon the high ridge-line alone caught cast lateral ray . . . Across the evening, homing birds . . ." Then they advance:

"The gentle slopes are green to remind you
of South English places, only far wider and flatter spread and grooved and harrowed criss-cross whitely and the disturbed subsoil heaped up albescent."

At the end Private Ball lies wounded:

"The feet of the reserves going up tread level with your forehead; and no word for you; they whisper one with another; pass on, inward; these latest succours:
green Kimmerii to bear up the war.

"Oeth and Annoeth's hosts they were
who in that night grew
younger men
younger striplings."

A NOTE here for Oeth and Annoeth refers to Welsh tradition. But the footnotes do not matter; they merely open immense areas for enjoyable research that will not be explored. The narrative dominates the obscurities inherent in certain of its allusions, but to say this is not enough: a poet's images spring from many obscure reserves of memory and knowledge and remain linked to them. Who would impose limitations? Who can object that David Jones entered battle—and afterward meditated upon that half-century-old war from which we have discovered no issue—with a mind filled by memories of Malory, the *Song of Roland*, medieval itineraries, Catholic ritual, Druid rites, and Welsh legend? One can only demand that such a profusion be not allowed to clutter or distract. In this noble book it does neither; it enriches.

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